The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

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Annotation

Lee Hyun, a debt-ridden teenage orphan, puts his account of the top-level avatar in the Continent of Magic up for auction. Once the news is spread nationwide, a fierce competition to win his avatar breaks out, making him a multimillionaire overnight.

However, when men in black show up to collect the debts Hyun's parents owed them; he ends up where he started — almost penniless. Determined to exact revenge on the loan sharks, he sets out a journey with Weed as his alias, the lowliest of the lowly, in the online RPG game named Royal Road to prove history can repeat itself.

WHY NOT CLAIM THE TOP ONCE AGAIN?

Weed's sugary words and tough action work magic one after another — only until he finds himself becoming a Sculptor, the most contemptible profession in terms of combat ability and career prospect…

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Chapter 1: Ahreupen Empire's Sealed Memories

"Ahreupen's seal!"

Weed obtained the seal that the Ahreupen Emperor, one of the master sculptors, had created as a reward for the quest. The first emperor to create a unified empire in the Continent of Versailles.

The Seal of the Ahreupen Empire!

Weed wiped away the small tears in his eyes. Rather than the tears that he usually had when he was yawning, these were tears of joy.

"They say heaven helps those who help themselves. The words hold true to their meaning. I did not think I would get a reward this good."

It was one of the few century old antiques to have appeared from the Continent of Versailles.

The Ahreupen Imperial Seal had more than one option on it, it was a coveted item that anyone would want to get their hands on.

"It took so much work and its still not in a complete state…"

As of now, the sculpture was at least a hundred times more valuable than jewelry.

Everyone wanted sacred items that had magical properties. He managed to repair the Ahreupen Seal to a nearly perfect condition so now its true power will be revealed.

Ttiring!

> — The Ahreupen Empire appreciated buildings from the Classical Era.
>
> As a sculptor and the owner of this province, you can now construct buildings from the Classical Era. Buildings from the Classical Era were known to be very solemn and elegant, as well as big enough to accommodate large populations. The construction costs are very high but they give an effect of increasing fertility.

> — You can now build special buildings.

> Imperial Palace of the Ahreupen Empire
> At least 8 million gold in construction costs.
> Only one can be constructed on the entire continent.
> Political influence extends to the whole continent.
> Loyalty and morale of knights will soar.

Reduces the likelihood of betrayal from the nobility.

It has a lot of maids.

You will need a very large territory to construct.

If the Imperial Palace is constructed on farmland, then discontent from the civilians will increase dramatically.

Has a special effect over the city:

Increases the likelihood of wandering knights to pledge their loyalty.

Diplomatic effects.

He had gotten the skill Sculptural Memories from the quest. He could see the historical buildings of the Classical Era and build them. He was not expecting such a reward. Weed did not think about building this at all. It even had a cost to hire workers to pull weeds out of the castle gardens.

Large Colosseum

At least 300 thousand gold in construction costs.

A place for gladiators.

Watching the fierce battles will relieve the stress of the citizens.

Admission will increase the city's revenue.

The Lord's reputation will increase when built.

The Colosseum will create a lot of brave gladiators.

Special Effects:

Gladiators will come to test their strength.

Rapidly increase the training of soldiers.

Rock Fort

At least 500 thousand gold in construction costs.

Can serve as a citadel for the city.

Can be build in mountains and high cliffs.

Has essential shops and housing for soldiers.

Depending on the terrain, a number of blessings can be granted and it can be used as an outpost against monster raids.

The number of quests available to fight against monsters increase significantly and materials gathered from monsters will become available on the market.

If the fort falls, then the Lord's reliability to provide the residents safety drops sharply.

Special Effects:

Expansion of territory.

Special Ahreupen Grainery.

At least 40 thousand gold in construction costs.

This is a very special building.

A very large building towering towards the sky!

The Ahreupen Empire created multiple layers inside the grainery to store large amounts of grain.

Can store large amounts of grain, alcohol, and fruit underground for very long periods of time.

Reduces the number of starving residents and stabilizes the price of food.

Residents will not need to worry about food and children like to look at the large granaries.

When the continent was united under the Ahreupen Empire, this was the most essential building for safety, fertility, and the economy.

City wide festivals can be triggered.

Special Effects:

Neighboring residents will immigrate because they will not need to worry about starving.

Mysterious Fairy Pond

Construction Cost: 1000 gold

A small, quiet natural ponds with clear water is a favorite for Fairies. It is difficult to find a place to build it. Once the pond is built, then fairies will come to play around. In most cases the fairies will not pull malicious pranks. The Fairy Queen may present unexpected gifts.

Special Effects:

Increase nature affinity and mysterious events may occur.

Ahreupen Houses

Construction Costs: 2000 gold.

A four story building made out of stone. Sturdy and does not break easily. These middle class houses can house many generations of residents together. It will become more popular if built next to a lake or a river. Increases public security and the satisfaction of the residents.

Special Effects:

Increase the resistance to natural disaster and reduces damaging to the structure.

Sculptor's Cave Complex

At least 30 thousand gold in construction costs.

A place for sculptors to gather and learn new sculpting techniques.

Helps to develops the city's culture.

Castle Ruins

At least 70 thousand in construction costs.

To build this structure the city's culture, art, and technology must be evenly developed.

A special building from the Ahreupen Empire that spirits live in.

Spirits like to play tricks on young children.

Spirits can not be caught.

Spirits reduce the number of children attacked by monsters.

This building increases the development of magic.

Ahruepen Merchant Center

At least 25 thousand gold to construct.

The Ahreuepn Empire preferred artists and merchants.

Independent free traders can rest here.

Built in places with good public security so their wagons can be stored here.

It is possible to increase bargaining skills and the movement speed of wagons for a few days after resting here.

Tilted Leaning Tower

At least 150 thousand gold in construction costs.

Questions will be raised as to the nature of the Leaning Tower

Raises elemental affinity with mages.

Special Effects: Raises elemental affinity based on the nature of the surrounding area.

Leather Production Center.

At least 1200 gold in construction costs.

This place will sell leather and leather products.

There were as many as 300 buildings from the Ahreupen Empire that raised military, economics, or education. They required large amounts of money and stone by default as well as some needed jewelry and other precious metals.

Seeing as the large amount of materials that were required for construction, Weed as the Lord thought that they didn't have much value because the levels of technology, culture, and economy were low. That meant the construction would be mediocre.

The Ahreupen Empire Imperial Palace required a monstrous amount of precious metals.

Weed looked through the list again.

— The Ahreupen Empire gathered information on blacksmithing skills to make weapons and armors. The Ahreupen Empire was in a ceaseless war of conquest.

They had to fight humans for territory and hunt large monsters.

Despite their low skill levels, the Ahreupen Empire used padded leather to make heavy weight, high defense armors.

You can now make clothing and armor from the Imperial Knights and Guard.

— You have acquired the sewing skills of Ahreupen Empire clothing.

Clothing such as the wizard robes, royal clothing, the imperial chef, the palace maid, and a variety of other clothing

— There are still things unknown to the Sculptural Memories skill because the Seal of the Emperor could not be read completely. There are still parts of the sculpture that is damaged that require restoration.

It was true that hard work cultivated art!

Since Weed learned the Sculptural Memories skill, he could not earn more money.

He had learned the sewing methods for a large number of different types of equipment for his Sewing skill.

Weed had a twisted smile.

“Ah…to think that in this world that you can achieve things without having to give up on life.”

You could not go wrong living a life of hard work!

The Seal of the Emperor was a very old historical item so there were still things unknown about it. Even so, he still managed to get a way to earn a wide variety of income.

That much was going to be obvious!

“Kuheuheuheu!”

A crazed laugh came from Weed’s mouth.

Even more than the laugh when he found a sword or armor from hunting!

“If it’s this much then it’s going to be much better than the Demon Sword or the Ancient Shield.”

That is what came out when he finished his calculations.

For such a treasure to come to a sculptor was like a lifeline to increase the art stat.

However, somewhere along the line, the Ahreupen Kingdom collapsed.

He needed to restore the rest of the sculpture if he wanted to read the remaining memories.

Weed's Sculpture Repair skill was significantly low since he hardly repaired sculptures!

"I need to break a few sculptures and repair them."

He needed to raise his skill to finish the S rank quest but he expected a good reward.

"Well, I better go."

The old mercenary that was with Weed finally left. In the River of Wailing, he drunk a lot of expensive alcohol. He would even sing while he drank. It was hard taking care of him and now he was finally gone. He had gotten the Imperial Seal from the mercenary. Now the mercenary was going back.

Weed's eyes became sharp.

'It was tough to obtain.'

Of course it was going to be difficult to contact the mercenary now. He could just check up on him some other time of course. Weed grasped both of the old mercenary's hands.

"It was an honor. So it's goodbye until we meet again? Try not to eat or drink too much. Here's some snacks you can eat."

He was pretending like it was a regretful parting that was both tender and heartwarming.

"I'm sorry to burden you, be sure to take care of yourself now old man."

"Not at all, it was a good experience."

"I better hurry back to the kingdom."

"Send me a letter sometime. There's still a lot of things about my life as a mercenary I haven't told you about."

The story of the mercenary's life was surprisingly accurate. It was a realistic look at the history of the Continent of Versailles and a lot of it was connected to Weed's quest.

"Huhuhu."

The mercenary was comfortable so he chuckled.

It was a little bit of intimacy he got from talking with the old mercenary.

They got to know each other to some extent.

"Come by my place sometime, you'll always be welcome. I'm going now."

"Next time, I'll let you meet my nephew."

Weed looked around after the mercenary left.

Around the River of Wailing were the tribes that fought against the Embinyu Denomination.

Turn in the quest!

He collected his rewards so he could return to Morata.

Weed had the reputation as the best sculptor in the entire Continent of Versailles.

So he understood wanting to hide the sculptures he had made in the past.

“Wyvern. I’m disappointed that I didn’t make them correctly.”

He hurriedly made them to get them in time for the fight against the Undying Legion. He had undoubtedly brought them to life one after another.

“Still, I sculpted them myself…”

There was a lot to be desire of the Wyverns from Weed.

They were the first sculptures that Weed had given life to.

They had a sharp angular face so they had a lot of wind resistance.

Nevertheless, they were had a strong pride and they would follow his commands but they were arrogant.

“Hey, what do you think?”

“Where is the master?”

“Gone. We’re completely free!”

The Wyverns would seem like they’re betraying Weed, so he needed to teach them. Since he gave them life first, they had a duty as the eldest. There was a time to play and eat to get fat, but in the north they were now hunting and growing faithfully. Weed summoned them at the mountain to go back to Morata. The six wyverns lined up side by side and they looked like they just had a bath since they were glistening.

“Hey…how are you?”

Weed said in an apologetic tone.

He usually mobilized them for war so he didn’t think about them that much.

“Master we have been well.”

“Happy.”

“Unfortunately we could not see the master as often as we would want.”

Gyarurururuek.

He went ahead and rubbed Wah-1s face.

While he was doing so he could hear in on the Wyvern’s secret conversation.

“Why’s he being so nice to us?”

“There’s got to be a catch…”

“Be careful.”

Weed continue to stroke Wah-1’s face.

“Guys. It’s good to see you guys after so long.”

Weed was speaking gently now.

“I wanted to see your faces for such a long time.

“…”

The Wyverns remained silent.

Weed allowed them to spread their wings and enjoy flying around in the sky in his presence. Then Weed followed up with.

“You guys seem a little weak. I got some good food while I was hunting that you guys can try.”

The King Hydra and the Imugi meat that he was saving!

He split it up between the Wyverns the Geumini.

“I love you master.”

“Thank you.”

Wagu wagu.

The Wyverns ravenously tore through the meat with their mouths.

Geumini gracefully took out a small knife to slice it up and eat it.

After eating such delicious food, there was not part of the Wyverns that wasn’t satisfied. It was like a child that was proud of its parents.

“A few days ago we took down a bear centaur.”

“Bear centaur?”

“It was far away from Morata. We ate them. I wanted master to have a taste too.”

That meant that they were a humanoid species.

Even with expeditions, there was a large part of the north that was not detail and only known roughly.

There were many such places.

There were stories about these places too.

“How strong are you now?”

“Level 376.”

The Wyverns were over level 370.

When Weed gave life to them, they were only level 300 since they were only fine pieces.

It was Geumini’s turn after his meal.

“Master!”

Geumini was more difficult for Weed.

That was because he felt it was a waste to make him out of gold.

“I would like to thank you for the delicious meal.”

He was hungry and Weed was being nice today.

Geumini was very shy but he had excellent combat skills.

He could run fast and wield swords in both hands.

Weak monsters would be slain instantly and he worked well on top of the wyverns with his bow shooting arrows with archery.

A sculptural masterpiece!

He was made with a 20 % bonus to his level so he was an elite at level 420.

It was the first superior statue that the had given life to.

Rover and Phoenix that he had made from rock were barely level 400.

“Master, I have passed my goal of level 446.”

“That’s good, you put in a lot of effort.”

While the Wyverns were out playing, Geumini went in dungeons alone and hunted. He did not take breaks so that he could help Weed how had given him life.

“I went to hunt the monsters in the mine when you were gone.”

The abandoned mines nearby Morata!

Since Weed did not develop the mines, they became monster lairs. Geumini hunted the monsters and then mined for minerals with a pickaxe.

Since he had ownership of the minerals, it went into the storage. Weed could use it to build buildings or as minerals to make items.

“I learned a new skill. Golgolgol.”

“Ohhh.”

Weed thought it was worth raising one of his own to be like this.

To think that Geumini would be this praiseworthy?

‘It’s too bad since all a sculptor would need is a hundred guys like Geumini.’

Mining skills were very useful to the economy.

Mineral discovery and pickaxe skills were useful skills.

“What is the skill?”

“Master do not be surprised, it is magic.”

“Magic!”

Geumini had high intellect.

Since he was made using blacksmith skills there were the properties of fire, water, and metal.

The other things weren’t bad but he was thrilled that he was able to learn magic.

“Well done Geumini, but let me check what kind of magic that you got. Geumini skill window!”

Weed was able to access the skill windows of the sculptures he made.

> Beginner Level 9 Sword Mastery (26 %): Sword wielding skills. The higher the level, the stronger the power.
>
> Intermediate Level 7 Archery (88 %): Has long range and increases the accuracy of arrows. You can reload quickly.
>
> Intermediate Level 4 Fire Control Mastery (16 %): Can

create fire. The power is unlimited but too much heat will dissolve the body.

Level 3 Fluid Conversion (15 %) — Can use heat to liquefy the body. Useful for repairing the body. However, some parts of the body may be lost permanently.

Geumini had ingenious skill with archery and sword-fighting. As he expected, magic skills had appeared!

Beginner Level 6 Jewelry Destruction Magic (69 %): Can draw out the magic potential power of jewelry. The magic power depends on the caster's ability and the value of the jewel. Magic consume a certain amount of jewelry every time.

Jewelry magic power.

It was a more comprehensive power than magic since it's casting speed was extremely fast.

There was the decisive disadvantage of consuming jewelry.

Geumini was level 446 and he had high physical stats like strength and agility as well as wisdom and intellect. He had high potential as a wizard. He had developed an ability to use magic using his own body's characteristics.

It was a very luxurious skill that defined him!

It was a skill that was suitable for Geumini, who was worth 17 thousand gold.

"Do not use it."

"What? Golgolgol."

"You can use this skill or Fluid Conversion in the future. But if you do I'll melt you down into gold."

If he was melted down he could not use any skills. That meant the only thing he was good for was to be sold.

"Master."

Geumini couldn't help but lament.

Geumini had the appearance of a bright and handsome young man, which was pretty impressive but not to Weed. Weed thought that the golden age of youth was in high school where young girls with money would eat tteokbokki, a spicy rice cake. Weed ignored Geumini.

Wah-1 came out and took one step forwards.

Of course he was doing something other than defending his younger sibling Geumini.

"Master."

"Yea."

"The situation in town is alarming."

Then Weed's voice became serious.

"What is it?"

While hunting in Morata, the Wyverns scouted their surroundings.

Weed had invested a lot of money, 300 thousand gold, in Morata as well as making a lot of sculptures. The Church of Freya had been appointed for a duration but that was not a reason to let the pressure off. They scouted the surrounding area because they could not simply rely on the Paladins of Freya.

"The quarry near the town has been getting more crowded recently."

Wah-1 began to explain.

It was hard for them to understand what was going on because of their age.

But Weed could understand.

"It appears that there's a large increase in soldiers."

The construction of barracks and the conscription of soldiers.

There were not many residents near Morata. Immigrants would come to settle up in the north but not in such large numbers. Mercenaries and other conscripted units were a different story. There was a lot less prey to hunt because there were a large number of people that had to hunt nearby.

Chapter 2: A Man's Journey

Ahn Hyundo said.

“Who will go with the youngest?”

Ahn Hyundo was trying to get someone to go.

When he was young, he had wandered through many countries. He had spent a lot of his life traveling throughout foreign countries.

The atmosphere of the meeting was rather good because they was going to meet women in Royal Road.

The masters knew but they kept silent.

In the course of mastering the sword, they had traveled around to learn about the world.

It was disadvantageous to be the first one to speak so they all remained silent.

They just remained in their sitting position with their strong chests and wide shoulders.

Their kept glancing at each other as if they were begging.

Ahn Hyundo looked into the eyes of each of the instructors.

Chung Il Hoon looked like he was a stoic person but he had generous and benevolent qualities.

He was extremely competent and the best disciple to further develop the dojo.

‘If he goes then the amount of work is going to increase around here.’

Ahn Hyundo thought that it was a better idea to have the instructors teach. He did not want to remove them and waste precious time that was needed to operate the dojo.

He wanted to see the woman that he met recently in Royal Road and go to the beach again.

‘It shouldn’t be him either.’

He quickly decided against having the fourth instructor go.

Roi Lee was the youngest of the instructors and had many prominent accomplishments in the way of the sword. Royal Road’s virtual reality was as expected.

It was the thing that they were looking for in order to gauge their development.

The willingness to fight, the feelings of weakness within themselves, or learning the way of the sword.

They had lived by the sword and the world of Royal Road was formidable.

A world of magic.

A moment of carelessness will lead to a surprise attack from a horde of monsters in the night.

They could face a number of challenges in Royal Road and revive shortly after suffering the despair of failure. It was a place where they could they could train their determination through struggles.

‘Sang Bom has a lot to do.’

Ma Sang Bom spent most of his time training the other practitioners so having him gone would be a large obstacle to the dojo.

“Jong Bom Ah.”

“Yes Master!”

“This time you will take the youngest.”

“Okay.”

That concluded the discussion in the dojo.

The mission was entrusted to one of the Geomchis.

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“The plane tickets have already been obtained and the rest will be provided at the location. It should sufficient for the trip.”

“When do I start?”

“Tomorrow.”

“What should I say to the youngest?”

“No need to tell him the truth, just be moderate and tell him its going to be Jeju Island.”

“I will be going!”

The Virtual Reality Department was famous for the challenges that they issue every year during vacation. He was not aware of this fact. Lee Hyun was busy with his semester finals for his major. Lee Hyun solved the problems furiously.

‘This is the third time. That’s a problem. The subject of the thesis on Royal Road that was written by a professor…

Aside from the subject, he did not even remember the name of the professor.

Many professors from Korea University had published several papers on Unicorn Corporation, but the thing that mattered was not the names but the content. The people that could remember that part could easily solve the problem.

‘I don’t know this. It’s been three times with the other two I couldn’t answer.’

He did not spend much time answering.

His answer was very short and it only accurately explained as much as necessary.

Lee Hyun told himself.

‘I didn’t do any of the assignments but I have good attendance.

It's not going to be bad since I impressed the professors during the MT so I must not get an F in this class!

Satisfactory enough to not receive an academic warning.

The plan was even if the grade was bad, as long as it was not an 'F' he wouldn't need to retake the class.

'I only need to graduate.'

That was the purpose that was placing him in a difficult situation!

Lee Hyun solved the test questions within the time limit.

It was the last major test and then there would be vacation.

For students, summer vacation was more than two months long.

'In that time, I'm only going to be doing a single thing!'

He was going to play Royal Road earnestly to level up.

Lee Hyun put his writing utensils into his cheap backpack.

Then the classroom door open and Professor Ju Jong Hoon came in with his assistant.

The assistant was bringing in a lot of equipment, most of which were digital camcorders.

They were equipment that were used to shoot scenes to save as a movie!

With the development of digital media devices, the memory could record up to ten days of footage.

Professor Ju Jong Hoon walked onto the podium and said.

"It's time for this year's summer vacation homework."

The students looked pedantic since they were looking forward to summer vacation after the final test.

"Oh, what a bother…."

"Another challenge? Is it going to be a challenge on some complex mathematical formula, or something like releasing something out of some sort of engine using physics?"

A lot of the students began to voice their concerns.

Lee Hyun began to worry.

'An unexpected challenge has appeared.'

He didn't do any assignments that were for the class. However, this assignment seemed to be extraordinarily different from the rest.

Professor Ju Jong Hoon began to demonstrate how to use the camcorder.

"You know that in order to create a cool virtual reality you need to have to know what it is like to live in reality right? This year's challenge is to record with the camcorders how your life is during the holidays. You can go to the swimming pool, find a part time job, travel. Anything is fine. Be sure to record with your camcorders during your vacation."

"…"

The lecture room became dead quite.

Lee Hyun noticed after a few moments.

'Do you really not care?'

The student's began to guess at what Professor Ju Jong Hoon was indicating.

"In order for you to know each other more, the department decided this summer vacation challenge to be required this time. You enrollment of classes for your major will be canceled should you not complete it."

In order to graduate safely, this challenge had to be completed!

It was a very, very difficult task.

Other than going to the dojo to keep up his physical strength, Lee Hyun did not think of doing anything else outside of Royal Road.

The people around him quickly began to talk to each other.

"My family is planning to go to Phuket…so I could record there."

"We're planning on going to the South Sea Resort to rest."

"I was planning on taking a modeling class so I could take it there."

The students were already planning how they were going to spend their summer vacation. As a first year college student at the age of 20, they would not spend their first summer vacation poorly.

Then it was time for the long awaited vacation!

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Weed felt like a baby chicken that was going to be fried.

"The break that I was waiting for is finally here."

He did not need any fancy vacations.

He was going to spend his time on the Continent of Versailles to raise his level and skill masteries while exploring.

"I was going to restore the rest of the seals…"

In order to repair the Ahreupen Imperial Seal he needed to increase his skills. He needed to create masterpieces and deliberately destroy them so he can repair them.

It was a difficult skill to train since it required accurate memory and skill!

Weed had to devote his time to creating fine pieces.

"I have to gradually break it and fix them little by little."

Restore Sculpture skill was considered a subskill. Even though it was cumbersome, the skill level would grow quickly. Weed's goal was the intermediate level.

"By then I should be able to repair the Ahreupen Seal. But…"

Weed had an uneasy feeling in his chest and could not concentrate on his work to repair sculptures. Since it was a quest from

the church about the lost artifact there was little chance of others ruining it. He had attempted to repair it once but it did not work.

"Yesterday, in town, when I was on the bus there was there a guy that was scratching a lottery ticket? Of course not. It was the guy in the bathroom with a button up jacket with a fire designed on it…"

Then he suddenly had a good idea!

"Come to think of it, it's almost time for the Church of Freya's protection to end isn't it?"

Since it was going to be a few years it was supposed to feel very long, but it was only 4 months in reality.

"I'll have to take a look….military status."

Weed opened an information window.

Military Force of Morata Province:

> Beginner Knights: 10
> Average Level: 219
> Soldiers: 1187
> Average level: 45
> Loyalty: 98%
> Training: 79%
>
> The level of knights is very low. Strict discipline is needed to keep knights from leaving. Morata's soldiers have high loyalty but, with the exception of a few soldiers, their level is poor and they must seek the help of the police and vigilantes.
>
> There are no siege weapons.
>
> City Walls are in perfect condition.
>
> The promised period of protection from the Church of Freya ends in five days.

In just five more days, the protection from the Church of Freya would expire. Because of his public contribution, Weed was able to meet with Alveron.

"I would like to meet with His Majesty the Pope Candidate."

There were times that called for proper respect. He had significant intimacy with Alveron from the quests he had completed. To him, Alveron was like a friend. But it was because of his public contribution that he could meet with Alveron.

"To think that Weed-nim would seek a priest such as myself. What can I do for you?"

"This is Morata isn't it? The place where Alveron and I save the people by defeating the vampires right?"

It was a good thing. Under the pretext of suffering under a quest together their intimacy would increase.

"The goddess Freya has left her invisible mark on the province of

Morata, a beacon of hope that brings the land prosperity and peace has it not? To Morata, The goddess Freya is the Goddess of Hope."

"Weed-nim, I am very grateful that you think so."

"It's a bit cumbersome to say so let me speak more directly. Please extend the protection of Freya over Morata."

Weed wanted to say a bit more. However, Alveron spoke before he could.

"However this is not in the South is it not? Even as the Pope Candidate Alveron, the distance to Morata is too great…"

He couldn't help trying one more time.

"We have fought and spilled blood together have we not?"

Kinship.

"The church of Freya has much to teach about life."

Teachings.

The Republic of Korea had an inseparable bond for dragging things out, so Weed used teaching as an excuse! Especially since the overly honest Alveron would never accept a bribe.

"I'm sorry. The Goddess Freya would more than want to help. However there are people that are suffering elsewhere in more difficult situations so the Knights and Priests must leave at the promised date."

They had eaten together as friends but it was like he had asked him to go buy rice without giving him any money and had refused, an unavoidable situation.

"To keep the protection of Freya on Morata for a longer period of time would cost the achievements that you have with the church.

Depending on the level of public contribution, he could get equipment or rare treasures. Weed felt it was a waste but it was his last resort. Morata had high development but very weak military force. It did not have enough soldiers and knights to fight a real battle. Alveron made the sign of a cross and bowed.

"There will be no problem if Weed-nim since he has devoted so much to the Church of Freya but there will be some difficulty even if I ask. How much longer do you wish for the protection of the Church of Freya to be extended?"

Ttiring!

> Public value points with the Church of Freya: 13290
>
> For the protection of the Church of Freya, 110 public value points are consumed a day.

He could not help using a large amount of public value points to have the Church of Freya dispatch their tremendous forces of clerics and paladins to Morata.

Weed's eyes began to moisten. He had been planning to use those

public value points to buy high level weapons and armor from the church.

"Alveron, I would like the Church of Freya for as long as possible… to protect me."

He needed to buy it!

"Do you wish to have the Church of Freya to protect the Province of Morata using your public value points?"

"Uh. Yea."

"The Templars will remain for another 120 days but since Weednim is asking me personally I will ask them for an additional 30 days."

Alveron gave him a courteous bonus of 30 days!

Weed gave him a hug.

"My brother!"

The Church of Freya will keep away the other military forces.

But the time was approaching.

***

The next morning Lee Hyun began to prepare and put the camcorder in his bag.

"Jeju Island…the island of dreams. The best resort! I can't believe that I'm going to Jeju Island."

Ahn Hyundo had given him a phone call. They opened a new dojo in Jeju Island and he wanted him to go to see it. It was a good thing for Lee Hyun.

"I was worried about what I should be recording during vacation but to think that it would be Jeju Island."

Jeju Island, even when compared to other people, it would not fall short.

It was a natural environment with the clear blue Halla Mountains with horses and the beach that he could record.

"This is such a success. Not everyone can go to Jeju Island. I better get my passport."

Lee Hyun put his passport in his bag.

Ahn Hyundo said that he needed his passport to get on a plane at the airport. He had the written documents and photos taken care of for him for the overseas dojo. Usually one would feel suspicious when they think about it but he did not have the slightest bit of suspicion.

The airfare, lodgings, and meals were all free!

"Oppa, take care."

"Yes, I'll be sure to bring back souvenirs."

His sister went to see Lee Hyun off at the Incheon International Airport.

Stewardesses were busy running around and showing foreigners where their luggage was.

"Indeed…"

It was a whole new world for Lee Hyun.

He came thirty minutes ahead of the appointed time for Jong Bom Ah to arrive.

"So you're here."

"Yes sahyung, I came early."

"Do you have your passport?"

"Passport?"

Lee Hyun was puzzled.

He didn't understand since it wasn't needed unless one was leaving Korea.

"You need a passport to go to Jeju Island?"

Jong Bom Ah quickly answered him.

"We need to ride a plane."

Lee Hyun only roughly knew what it was like to go on a plane.

One would know what it was like if they see a drama or a movie.

"I see, so it's different from public transportation like a bus and I can't just ride it."

"This is a plane."

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah did not have much luggage other than a small bag. Lee Hyun checked the tickets that he had and they said Cairo, Egypt.

"Sahyung!"

"What?"

"This plane is going to Cairo?"

Lee Hyun roughly had heard about Egypt once.

"Isn't this plane going to Southeast Asia?"

"…"

The look on the faces of the other passengers was priceless.

'How does he not know?'

'Does he not even know where Egypt is?'

"As you know we are going to Jeju Island."

"Exactly."

"The plane directly to Jeju Island is expensive."

"So you're saying that… It's like taking a bus and stopping in the middle."

This sounded far too absurd to the other guests at the boarding gate.

To say that Jeju Island was a stop along the way to Egypt!

However, Jong Bom Ah looked very rough and had intimidating eyes so no one had the courage to tell the truth. So Lee Hyun took the flight to Cairo.

After the plane took off, a flight attendant began to walk around and pass out food and drinks. They simply passed by where Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah was. As soon as they got onto the plane they had fallen into deep sleep. The two of them crossed the sea past Central Asia and were on the plane heading to Cairo.

***

Cairo Airport.

Summer was hot in Korea, but it was incomparable to Egypt.

The hot air and scorching sun caused sweat to run down their foreheads.

There were not traces that this was a Korean airport since there were only Egyptians wearing turbans. He was not stupid enough to believe this was Jeju Island.

"Sahyung! I think this is the wrong place."

There was deep suspicion in Lee Hyun's eyes.

He had fallen asleep on the plane thinking that he would be in Jeju Island.

Then along with the other foreigners, they went to the immigration procedures.

Jong Bom Ah said.

"That was only part of the truth…it's a tradition of the dojo to have its members go out to see the real world."

"…"

"We deliberately planned this trip a long time ago."

To think that he would be somewhere like this. From how it was explained, he could not be mad at Jong Bom Ah. There was more to learning the sword than just the physical part. Every cell in the body had to be alive in order to wield the sword.

Traveling overseas in order to properly learn the way of the sword! Even after leaving on the trip, despite the other troubles, there was nothing to regret.

Moreover, it was traveling abroad. He did not have any chances to see the world out of Korea.

Lee Hyun asked to confirm.

"This is…free right?"

"Of course it's free."

"Whew."

Lee Hyun let out a sigh of relief.

Even if it was annoying and cumbersome, since it was free he could not be angry.

"Everything is free so just relax and enjoy. Kuehahahaha! It's a

journey and others are paying for you, enjoy!"

"Where do we go now?"

"For now, we get on a helicopter."

A helicopter was waiting for them at the Cairo Airport.

They flew past the dry air and sand of the Sahara Desert in Egypt to see charming buildings of brick and stone.

***

North Africa.

Two four wheel drive jeeps were ready for Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah.

The jeep was opened on the roof and had a leather tent that could be opened and closed easily.

"Youngest."

"Yes, Sahyung?"

"Do you know how to drive?"

"I have never driven before, but I have ridden a motorcycle a bit…"

He did not have a driver's license. He had driven a motorcycle to deliver food for a chinese restaurant once.

"Do you have one?"

"It doesn't matter since there are not traffic police, just don't hit anything."

Jong Bom Ah threw him the car keys.

"Go start it."

Lee Hyun sat in the driver's seat in the car. He put the keys into the ignition.

Kua aaaaaahhahahahahang!

The car's engine started with a cry. An off road, four wheel drive vehicle for crossing the desert!

Even if it didn't look like much, the jeep had tremendous power.

Behind the driver seat was filled with food, water, oil, a tent, and other materials as well as a book about Africa. There was also white medicine boxes piled up.

"Well, let's get started!"

Jong Bom Ah started his engine and went out first into the desert.

The car's wheels kicked up dust.

"I will!"

Lee Hyun slammed on the brakes.

The car did not move correctly!

"Was the accelerator on the left or the right?"

Lee Hyun released his foot and stepped on the right accelerator.

The car bounced and went forwards.

It was a fantastic place for a novice driver.

There were no lanes and you could park anywhere you want.

They passed by many piles of sand, desert scorpions, and even an oasis.

The wind was mixed with the sand as the two cars moved forwards side by side.

Taaaaang!

Dodododo.

Groups were riding on horses and shooting guns.

Lee Hyun came riding along with Jong Bom Ah in a Jeep.

Lee Hyun asked on a transceiver.

"Sahyung, who are they?"

— They're either bandits or the militia.

"Would they attack us?"

— It's okay. The dojo has contacts in this place. They're not going to carelessly attack a marked car.

Lee Hyun's car had come with a red painted patterned flag.

The armed horsement did not attack as Jong Bom Ah said, but they did get closer. The two jeeps traveled along the desert and they saw travelers on camels. Lee Hyun took out the camcorder to record the ride in the car. Houses were built with mud and straw in the first town where he met skinny children. The children had black skin and they were playing with a ball, he could feel lack of vitality in their expressions! Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah went to see the doctor of the village to deliver books and the boxes of medicine.

"Good… sign here."

"…"

The doctor thanked them when he received it.

An old lady walked by and gave them a necklace made out of wood and stone for helping.

Lee Hyun asked.

"When did this start?"

"Master came on a tour of Africa about 15 years ago."

"How many people will these boxes cover?"

"About 600 people maybe?"

"That much?"

"In Korea, almost absolutely all drugs come in a bottle, but here there are children dying everywhere."

In the small hospital tent there where children lined up.

All the children in line that received a vaccination shot thanked

the doctors.

Children from the next town over would come for vaccinations and then return.

Then the second village and then the third.

In the village, the other villages received hospitality as they shared the medicine.

There were people on the lookout for intruders but not many outsiders come since for a very long time they had lived on the high cliff.

“Sahyung, the desert’s land is very hard.”

“Rocky terrain is very broken and its very much like the desert sand of the Sahara Desert. It’s not much compared to the width of the entire region.”

Jong Bom Ah knew about the world.

The sand of the Sahara desert was different from expected since it was a endless sea of sand. But the land was covered by sand. They would not sink very deep since there was gravel and stone underneath. There were a lot of large trees nearby and bushes as well as rocks the size of houses in the distance. A single visit to Africa could save thousands of lives!

Three days after they began, they went back into the desert and they were escorted by the armed militia. As the car passed over the hill, he looked to the horizon and then his body began to shake violently. At night the temperature suddenly dropped so he needed to very several thick layers of cloths. Lee Hyun put water to boil in a pot as he turned on the burner. Under the light of the Milky Way, he drank a cup of coffee in the desert!

“A few tablespoons of sugar.”

Lee Hyun turned on the radio receiver to listen in.

There was a talk show in an unknown language and soon music began to play. He had heard it a couple times in Korea and it was Jae Lynn’s song ‘A Dialogue of Eyes’ in English.

Chapter 3: Wings

They went past the deserts, rivers, and meadows of the south.

In order to cross the border of Africa to other countries, you had to pay an entry fee to pass which was quite expensive. At the border of the desert there were two rivers flowing of which animals came by to drink water. There were all sorts of creatures from the animal kingdom such as antelopes, zebras, cheetahs, jackals, buffalos, monkeys, and deer. The sky was filled with flocks of various colored feathered birds. Jong Bom Ah said to Lee Hyun.

"This is pretty amazing. It's like a small zoo."

Animals in the dry wilderness!

Lee Hyun nodded.

"It's just as you say."

Sparrows sitting on a telephone pole could not even begin to compare to the animal spirit he felt from the animals such as the pink flamingo. The jeep was safe from animal attacks since it was made of reinforced steel, but they still had to be careful of the vehicle being turned upside down.

Lee Hyun drove down a rough road with Jong Bom Ah. They could not get tired of looking at the animals… Most of the animals in Korea were trapped in cages, but here there were herbivores grazing everywhere. There were giraffes that were looking around with its long neck for nearby dangerous wild beasts. Hungry lions looking for prey were wandering about. Crocodiles were swimming in the river.

At night they would sleep inside the cars.

Kuuueng! Kuuueng! Kueng! Kueng! Kueng!

Kihaaaaah!

It was shaking because of the wild animals running about crying noisily. Nights in Africa were dangerous.

They went to deliver medicine to African villages in the Prairie. They went to larger cities to deliver the supplies to other places. Lee Hyun would probably be pleased with what he was doing but there was something that was on his mind. The land was very beautiful, as were the animals, but he noticed the true painful nature was how deeply rooted poverty was in the people. Africa was the world's largest ghetto and no one knew how many children were starving in a place like this.

A pair of shoes bought in Korea would be enough to save the lives of 10 children in Africa.

'I, however, did not suffer anything. I have to reflect on this. From now on I need to put more effort and work even harder.'

Rather than complaining about his past, his real motivation was

for the future.

Life, nature, fate, and dreams.

From seeing life in Africa, he took time to give it some thought.

The world was not fair.

While some people were laughing while watching TV, there were numerous people out there sick, hungry, and dying. Elementary school, middle school, high school, college.

They did not receive an education and could not dream of doing anything as adults.

Travel!

At first he did not want to go anywhere, but now he did not regret going.

It had been four days since they had been in Africa.

At the end of the day, they would finally reach the city of their destination.

Lee Hyun took off his face mask that was covered in sand. There was dust in his hair and all over his entire body.

“Sahyung, where is this?”

“This is the heart of Africa.”

In the heart of Africa there were many large buildings and shops. There were many tourists so there was a stable economy and the city dealt in multinational trade.

“We’re done delivering all the medicine so the rest of the day is free time.”

“I’m going to take a bath.”

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah went to a hotel to clean themselves with a bath.

Then they toured the African city.

There were black people entering and hanging around the alley of the slums.

Travelers from all over the world could be seen here in Africa.

The city had very good security but people were careful not to come too close to Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah. From the way they looked and dressed, they looked like a group of desert bandits.

The next day they took a plane.

They went north of Africa into Europe. So they had to cross the ocean.

“Where are we going now?”

Lee Hyun asked Jong Bom Ah who was carrying a parachute backpack.

“We’re going here.”

“Yes?”

“Every real man should try skydiving once right?”

Lee Hyun looked out the window of the plane.

The houses in Europe looked like small dots and the road was drawn as if it were a blur.

“I’ve never skydived before.”

“You’ll get the hang of it.”

They recieved a small briefing from a French instructor on how to jump.

Fortunately the man had also learned the sword from the dojo so he was able to explain it quickly in Korean.

“Open!”

The hangar door of the airplane opened, causing their whole bodies to shake from the wind blowing on them.

Jong Bom Ah yelled.

“I’ll be going first!”

Jong Bom Ah jumped out of the hangar door fabulously and began falling towards the ground. Running as hard as he could, Lee Hyun jumped out of the airplane’s hangar.

At that moment.

He was in the middle of the blue sky.

He could feel the wind flowing past his body as he descended to the ground.

It was like when he descended from the City of the Sky, Lavias!

With his entire body in free fall, he felt like he had the freedom to go anywhere.

A five star hotel in Paris, France.

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah were staying in a penthouse. After they checked in with the bellhop, the hotel staff gave them strange looks. They were being misunderstood since there were a lot gay people in Korea in comparison to Europe.

“Let’s drink!”

The hotel they had in France was equipped with a wine room.

Jong Bom Ah threw his backpack aside and took out a hand-knife and stabbed it into the high quality wine. He was not interested in using a corkscrew. Then he poured the cool wine into a cup and drank it.

“Ah, so refreshing! Is there any whiskey or soju here?”

As a typical Korean man, he enjoyed drinking his soju.

“There’s nothing like drinking soju!”

“Yea. It’s good to be honest! Aren’t there some middle school and high school students that drink wine? Soju is the best.”

They could not understand the taste and smell of wine.

It was just bitter!

For Jong Bom Ah, he could not enjoy drinking wine since it was distasteful.

“I don’t understand why its so expensive. Its the worst kind of

drink."

They had insulted all the wine lovers of the world!

Soju on the other hand was good with food like pork and together with friends, as well as creating a more sociable atmosphere.

"A bottle of soju is good in any country."

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah went to the terrace that was overlooking the Eiffel Tower as they briefly drank two cups of alcohol. Both of the men enjoyed their alcohol even more because it wasn't costing them anything. Outside of the window was the Seine River and the historical buildings of Paris.

In Europe there was a saying that Paris had the most beautiful streets. In the hotel lobby there were statues and bright, colorful paintings in every corridor. Even the alcohol from the ice chest had a exotic feeling to it. Jong Bom Ah spun the bottle of liquor around as he said.

"Instead of feeling cooped up and watching TV, why do we take a night trip and walk around France."

"All right."

"Get a parachute."

"Yes."

The was a movie that was playing on the TV that was popular in Europe and the United States. The five star hotel also had Chinese and Japanese broadcasting, but the variety of entertainment did not have the many professional Korean broadcasts. Lee Hyun took his camcorder along with his parachute. Everything will be recorded by the camcorder!

"Huhuhu."

Jong Bom Ah did a nasty laugh in from of the camera as he walked over to the terrace.

"You were promised that you would get to stay at a five star hotel. Come on, let's go."

They did not need elevators. Jong Bom Ah dramatically jumped over the terrace. It looked as if he wanted to commit suicide. The only other thing was the night sky of Paris.

"So these kind of experiences are a part of traveling."

Lee Hyun quickly followed him. He climbed over the railing and jumped to the ground. He expanded the parachute immediately and he descended slowing to the ground in the night sky of Paris. The hotel they were staying in was very tall so he could view a little bit of Paris's scenery. However, he was gradually getting closer to the ground! Because Jong Bom Ah was more experience with using a parachute, he had arrived at the ground first. People were looking at them since they had suddenly fell out of the air. Then a French beauty approached them. She asked in her native language.

“Tu es d’ou (Where are you from)?”

Jong Bom Ah did not know French. Of course he didn’t know English either.

He made a glance towards Lee Hyun, who was the same.

“…”

They were now stuck with a frozen expression.

In order to enter a university, GED required to have basic proficiency in English.

They were Korean and didn’t learn any foreign languages so they could not understand the French woman. Lee Hyun decided to ignore her.

“Sahyung, let’s go eat hot dogs.”

He came to help Jong Bom Ah out of the situation.

“Sure. How about over there?”

They ignored the French beauty and instead went to a hot dog stand.

Clap clap clap!

Nearby passerby began to clap at them.

They wanted to congratulate them for having parachuted down.

They went around like ordinary tourists for the rest of the day.

They went the the Palace of Versailles, Luxembourg Gardens, Place de la Concorde, and the Bastille Opera House. Using the attractions as backgrounds, Jong Bom Ah struck a pose and revealed the muscles on his forearm.

“Ready. One, two three!”

Click!

“Now you go and do it.”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Now let’s go.”

A typical photo shoot trip!

They would ask some French people or other travelers to take one of two pictures with them. They would then be busy eating hot dogs in the elegant streets of Paris.

“The hot dogs are good in Paris.”

“It’s very delicious. How about we eat some pork chops in the evening?”

“Yea, pork chops sound good too.”

After a hearty meal in the evening, they went to Germany. The dojo had went aheaed and rented them motorcycles.

“Let’s see the capabilities of the German produced Autobahn motorcycles.”

Autobahn motorcycles!

“There’s a highway rest area around here right? Eating noodles and baked potatoes sound good.”

Then they went to the Netherlands to ride high speed motor boats and then they went diving into the sea. They explored the ocean floor and saw some fish. Then the went across the United Kingdoms to watch soccer games. There were many Koreans travelers and students that they heard from time to time. On the Croyde Beach in the United Kingdom as strong wind blew from the storm.

"This is good weather."

"This weather is a good thing?"

There were dark clouds in the sky and it looked like it could rain any minute. It was the kind of weather where you would not be surprise if lightning struck suddenly.

"According to the Master, I need to take you surfing."

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah changed into swimming clothing. On the beach there were a lot of people watching the waves. Every time the storm hit, the waves would suddenly increase in size. The storm that was blowing was apparently a strong one that came once every ten years. Large and high waves were going to the the beach accordingly.

"Have you never surfed before?"

"Yea."

"It should be comfortable even if its your first time. Think of it like taking a dip and you should be able to do it like other people."

There were few people trying to ride the waves. Jong Bom Ah and Lee Hyun tried to memorize their behavior and actions into their mind as they walked carefully. Walking down the beach were two Asians holding a surfboard. Usually one would wear a surfing suit to reduce the amount of water resistance. However they left their upper body completely exposed. The only thing they needed was their muscular upper body that they had developed earnestly. It was quite eye catching for the British people to see an Asian like Jong Bom Ah.

"Go first."

Jong Bom Ah spread out his surfboad onto the sea and tried to surf. However the waves that kept hitting made him unable to. The sight of Lee Hyun following in gave the crowd greater courage. Swimming was one of the Republic of Korea's favorite past times. Everyone knew how to do some basic form of swimming! He spread out his board and began to move his body, arms, and legs furiously.

"To think I would be doing this in the United Kingdoms!"

Severe wind and light rainfall began to create waves against his body. Waves that were a few meters high would catch him and his board every time causing him to be submerged into the salty sea. In fact, it was hard to move from the water pressure of the ocean waves. As soon as he got a hold of the board, another wave would strike him. This repeated twelve times as the meter high waves kept at him

brutally.

"Damn."

Lee Hyun was upset.

"It's like the time I had a bath in the neighborhood reservoir on that stormy night!"

As a kid there was not many games that he could play without spending money. As a child, he would spend his time trying to catch frogs and crayfish from a ditch and as he got older he would find try to find better things to eat.

The nearby reservoir!

It was a notorious place because roughly 3 to 5 people drowned there a year. In the pouring rain that day, Lee Hyun went and tried to fish with his bare hands in the reservoir so there was no way he would give in to the UK's sea.

"In the Republic of Korea more than 100 thousand people are swimming all over the country! British waters are not big deal."

He went forth to challenge it once more!

Lee Hyun tried again and again.

The waves kept getting bigger but it never returned him back to shore.

"How dare the waves do this…I am Jong Bom Ah!"

Jong Bom Ah's eyes burned with his willpower as he stumbled.

At first he was trying to enjoy the waves but now it was a challenge. His upper body muscles were wet from the water and greasy from sweat. He used his power to grab the surfboard and jumped. He repeated his to try and get into the waves. Through his failures, Lee Hyun realized the concept of it.

'So it has to do with being balanced despite the confusion.'

The big waves would push against the board and disrupt the balance even if you were successful. You had to try and reverse the flow to stay on.

'So instead of trying to push to waves…it might be better to ride it?'

So he had to get it floating without upsetting the flow of the waves.

'I can do it. Think of it as if I were riding the Wyverns…'

Lee Hyun's survival senses.

Compared to the fast speed of the Wyverns in the valley, the waves were more normal. You need to get the hang of nature in order to succeed. He had to adapt. He remembered his flight on the back of the Wyverns. Fighting on top of the Wyvern's backs. Lee Hyun began to climb on top of the waves with his surfboard and tried to get balanced. Then he stood on top of the wall like waves with his board.

"Kya hahahahahahahah!"

Lee Hyun laughed out loud.

Then he finally came to a stop.

“I am one who has conquered the storm!”

Lee Hyun began to yell out loudly and repeatedly. He was completely immersed in it. Jong Bom Ah was gifted with athleticism and well trained so he was already riding a wave. These guy were riding the waves in the storms of the UK! There was a British woman on the beach holding his camcorder and recording the scene. Before Lee Hyun was riding the waves he had given her to record it. After some time at night, they had a beach party with beer in a shop.

“European hot dogs are good.”

“Sausage is delicious too.”

Lee Hyun and Jong Bom Ah began to drink beer heartily and went to sleep.

“Time to go to another part of Europe to go skiing.”

The two of them rode to the Alps in order to go skiing.

There was a ski resort that was officially opened but no one had gone because it was a reckless challenge! That was because the people that went could not find their way back to the hostel. Then they visited the Red Square.

“So this is the Red Square.”

“All sorts of people have been here.”

They had a brief moment of appreciation for the historical sites. Then they took a transcontinental train to Moscow and then China. Then after a short visit in China, then planned to return to Korea by plane.

“I bought some eggs…where’s the kimbap?”

Boiled eggs were an indispensable necessity for train travel. They went into an open place to sleep. They looked on past the frozen tundra and the surrounding area. Lee Hyun looked out the window and was at a loss for words.

He had met all sorts of people from Africa to Central Asia. The hot sun, the sand, the wind, and the waters of the East. European culture and the historical buildings were great. The sculptures and paintings gave out lifelike feelings. To think he only lived in a small town and that such a big world existed was a huge shock to Lee Hyun.

‘This spacious land.’

The Republic of Korea could not compare to a country like Russia. The real estate prices near cities shot up from the economic boom.

‘To think that there would be a place like this on earth…!’

Chapter 4: The Architecture of Ahreupen

After 23 days, Lee Hyun managed to return home from his trip to Europe.

There was no one home since his sister had went to the library early in the morning so he began his daily cleaning of the living room and other rooms.

After he was done, Lee Hyun was tired so he laid down on the floor.

'I don't understand why people bother to go travel if it's so tiring. I would rather loiter around at home.'

It was incomprehensible why foreign tourists would come every holiday season. He would rather relax at home than suffer outside! His idea of a comfortable summer vacation was to eat rice for breakfast and lunch with sweet and sour pork and chicken respectively, then go to sleep with an electric fan plugged in.

"Oh…if only I could lie around all the time."

He was a little dispirited. No matter how fit he was, there was no way he wouldn't be tired after he went all around Central Asia, Europe, and Africa. But he could not rest when there was money to be made. The golden age of summer! He had to dedicate himself fully in order to catch up to the level and skills of his competitors. There was a significant amount of money he needed to earn for the household and he was not going to let there be a month where he ran a deficit.

"There may be some changes in the Continent of Versailles and in Morata…"

23 days in real life was a tremendous amount of time in Royal Road. Considering that the time differed at a rate of 4 times, a total of 92 days have passed in Royal Road. This was the part that he was worried about during his travels.

"I don't know if Morata is fine or not. Surely it is as I left it and its not in ruins."

Lee Hyun opened his luggage. Then he poured out his souvenirs. They were items to prove that he had been to Europe.

Cyan Bell Hotel
Hilton Hotel
Paris Hostel

He had taken the towels, toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, and shampoo from the hostels! He also grabbed a couple blankets from the

plane so the inside of his bags were overflowing. In another bag was filled with French and Italian clothes, necklaces, handbags, and other things for his sister. For the sake of his sister, he went ahead and purchased all of these items. Lee Hyun did not forget to buy anything.

“90 euros you say? No, no, no no. 40 euros.”

“No deal goodbye.”

“40 euros. 40 euros. 40 euros!”

He did not hesitate to haggle in the shops. Lee Hyun was able to determine the value of items based on the description of the material. Even after considering the high labor costs in Europe, he persisted at 40 euros until he got it down to a reasonable price of 52 euros.

“The world is full of crooks.”

It was more expensive for foreign tourists to buy stuff. Because of that, he could not help but be a pushy in a poisonous environment. Lee Hyun’s hands would tremble uncomfortably as he finished paying them.

“Konichiwa!” — (he’s saying hello in japanese)

This was the pride of Koreas that travel!

Other than for his sister, he also got gifts for Oh Dongman, Choe Jihun, Jeong Hyo-Lynn, and the rest.

“It’s alright as long as I give them something.”

Luxurious European branded T-shirts!

He bought them in Europe as well as a mountain of stuff from Chinese markets.

He spent a total of 800 thousand Korean won with the most expensive thing at 60 thousand won. He checked every item over fifteen times before he began to negotiate over a fair price.

That was a real taste of shopping during a trip! Lee Hyun roughly organized all the items before he sat down and turned on the television. He was just in time for the broadcast about the continent of Versailles. He was watching in order to find out the current events in Royal Road.

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“Oh Juwan-nim, do you know if the Kingdom of Haven has gone to all out war with the Kallamore Kingdom yet?”

“That is true. I have news that they have stopped the Kallamore Kingdom’s knights advancement. They are now waiting for the enemy soldiers inside the fort to surrender or else they will face an army of 20 thousand soldiers and the fortress’s supply chain has been cut so now it seem unavoidable.”

Lee Hyun had not known that the Kingdom of Haven had finally

waged war against the Kallamore Kingdom. The Kingdom of Haven had a significantly high number of powerful users. There were an enormous amount of users on the central continent. That power had been strong enough to defeat the Kallamore knights which were said to be undefeatable.

Other than the Hermes Guild, the other large prestigious guilds were not mentioned. The Kingdom of Haven and its guilds were severely damaged when the Hermes Guild decided to not go to war. They were trying to find someone to point their finger at and blame. Of course there was no one else but Bard Ray. Even if it wasn't known to others, Bard Ray was secretly the leader of the prestigious Hermes Guild. Even since he started Royal Road, Bard Ray had been strengthening his influence over the guilds. Since then, it has always been one of the strongest guilds.

"The Hermes Guild. Is it irresponsible to say that the Hermes Guild represents the Kingdom of Haven?"

"The Hermes Guild is not to blame. The other guilds are doing the same."

The blame was distributed to all the prestigious guilds of the Kingdom of Haven. He did not know that the Kingdom of Haven had occupied the Kallamore Kingdom's territory and that their army was getting stronger every day.

"There aren't any enemies that can defeat the Kingdom of Haven at the moment."

Bard Ray had make the decision to go to war. It was not a command of the Hermes Guild but an arbitrary decision that he had made. During the fight, Raybard ambushed the Kallamore Kingdom from behind with his group. The Hermes Guild troop assualted the enemy food supplies and wagons. Afterwards, a video of them looting the food and then selling it in a nearby town was uploaded to the Hall of Fame. Users that were part of the Kingdom of Haven celebrated whenever a video was uploaded.

"There's no one stronger than Bard Ray."

"The Guardian of the Kingdom of Haven!"

There were hundreds of thousands of commennts posted on each video. Since users were watching the broadcasts, Bard Ray's reputation as the strongest on the Continent of Versailles were further increased. The strongest, highest level swordsman in the entire Continent of Versailles could not be ignored.

They were showing off in response to Weed's actions in the Immortal Legion as Karichwi and the fight with the Bone Dragon. The other prestigious guild, the Lancashire Guild was also involved but it could not compare.

The Kingdom of Haven blocked the Kallamore Kingdom's supply

routes and then began a two pronged assualt, leading to a difficult defense. The Kallamore Kingdom was forced to retreat to their fortress. Bard Ray and his unit played a crucial role in the war between the two nations. However, the Hermes guild handed down a punishment to Bard Ray.

> Because you did not follow the decision of the Hermes Guild, Bard Ray and his colleagues have been suspended from the guild for 200 days.

The representatives of the Hermes guild handed down a punishment causing tremendous complaints from the users of the Kingdom of Haven. The Hermes Guild website was filled with complaints and insults protesting to cancel Bard Ray's punishment. On the other hand, the opinion of the ultimate user Bard Ray on the Continent of Versailles was rapidly getting better.

"On another note, there is a lot of interest in the high level user Chase that went on an adventure with a lot of people into a dungeon, which is contributing to the kingdoms."

"The news just keeps getting in. The price of velvet has increases significantly. What do you think this will do?"

"Shin Hye-Min, did you know that tailors can create items from velvet?"

"Oh, that's possible?"

"After beginner level 6, its possible to combine materials such as fabric, wool, and velt. So its a good material for tailors to use."

The Continent of Versailles had various types of news. The newsworthy ones were about the development of the kingdoms that had a lot of users so the news had to be varied. Then they opened up with a professional broadcast news about Royal Road.

"From the looks of it, the users in the northern region need to be very careful."

"Oh Juwan, is something going on in the north?"

"The news in the north has been becoming increasingly more tense. There are mercenaries from the central continent being recruited to the north."

Shin Mye-Min had a worried look.

"So a war is going to take place in the north?"

"Morata will be subjugated."

"It seems that the God of War, Weed is governing Morata."

"The north has become a center of trade and adventure. The Lord has been gone for a long time so it was bound to happen. Switch screen to the video."

The TV screen switched to the northern villages. One thousand, two thousand, countless trained soldiers in units with blacksmiths

creating weapons. Over 10 guilds were in an alliance and they were having the blacksmiths forge siege weapons. It was a magnificent thing to see the leaders training and commanding their knights. They had joined forces to take down the large city of Morata. Lee Hyun turned off the television.

"To think that they would mess with Morata!"

***

He turned off the television normally since this was not the time to be angry. Not to mention conserving the electricity bill! It was unthinkable for him to throw the remote or punch in the wall.

"How dare you try to take away my bowl of rice…"

He could not tolerate it. The Morata he had invested a large sum into was going to be taken. They were going to stain what is rightfully his. Even if there's a cute and gentle looking chihuahua, the owner was not going to be the same. Lee Hyun was going to get his spoon into his bowl before anyone else!

"I'll beat them up and then…they better be prepared for the damages."

Weed stood and looked out the window of his castle. He looked from the users in the central square to the lakes and the statue of Freya. This was a good place for beginners and it was getting more growing even more every day. He saw young calfs lying leisurely on the side of the road. From the looks of it, they looked like they were Rover's children.

"I put my blood and sweat into making this town."

Weed had created a lot of sculptures and put in enormous sums of gold in order to get the city to develop quickly. Aside from everything else, there was something different. There was another building.

The Morata Center for the Arts!

It was constructed recently and it was filled with vitality. There was a large garden with flowers and trees. It was a source of pride for such a large building to be build and it could be see from all over Morata.

"Its the first time I've seen this place as the Lord."

Weed had not been in this place for a significant amount of levels. There were a significantly increasing number of people that come to the north to adventure. There were people of all levels. As more users came, the developmental levels would increase. It was like the wonderful smell that came off when cooking. It would be a shame to put an end to the developing Morata! Weed thought of his country as a bowl of rice where the loyal knights and soldiers were all his.

“To think they were dare to take away my bowl of rice while I was on vacation…”

Weed had a total of 390 thousand gold. It was all earned from hunting the King Hydra, selling off weapons and other items. He never bought any expensive foods such as rum and never bought any precious metals. He was going to invest that large sum.

“Internal Affairs Mode!”

— The screen will now switch to the internal affairs of the last twenty weeks.

You have the ability to govern Morata.
Resources will be available immediately.
Military: 51 Economy: 989
Culture: 1512 Technology: 338
Urban Development: 121
Sanitation: 41 Police: 65%
Corruption: 3
Reserved Funds: $518,642

Morata was constantly expanding. To expand their land, they needed more money. Cultural and technology augemented economic development so a considerable amount of money accumulated. It was a region without much commercial corruption thanks to the people’s characteristics to be hardworking.

“View income history.”

Morata’s monthly income (units in gold)
Residential Tax: 12,116
Housing Tax: 918
Sales Tax: 22,889
Merchant Trade: 57,901
Tax on Merchants and Mercenaries: 3,051
Land taxes: 6,373
Mining Supplies: 9,230
Store Supplies: 49,749
Food Sale Revenue: 35,461
People are constantly coming north to Morata.
Low tax rates for travelers.
Insufficient skilled craftsman (Blacksmith, Cooking, Sewing, etc.)
20,000 people are jobless.
Houses around the central plaza is extremely crowded. Low property tax.
Sales for cheap goods are growing explosively.
Production and merchandise sales are not good with

only 9 stores staying open late.

Center of commerce for the Versailles continent if going by percentages.

Importation of low quality cheap stuff, but a very large variety.

Morata's specialty of fibers/fabrics sell for higher price.

Morata is very attractive for merchants and mercenaries.

Merchants will buy goods from Morata and sell them to the rest of the north.

The central plaza is very cramped and crowded.

Good quality iron ore is being mines and copper and silver mines quality is increasing.

Morata need to develop more mines.

Pubs and inns business is booming.

Weapon Shop, Armor Shop, Smithy not doing much business.

Due to the high number of users in Morata, the economy is healthy and growing. Weed decided to invest all of his gold.

Ttiring!

A large scale investment in Morata.

The count of Morata has invested an astronomical fund into the area.

Productivity has increased by 45 % for two months.

The area around the town will expand.

Population growth has improved.

He has now invested over 900 thousand gold into Morata.

"First, I need to develop the mines and farmlands so that they can expand."

He injected a total of 320 thousand gold!

He was planning to develop the infinitely expanding argricultural area and the mines in the nearby mountain.

— The land has been cleared.

— Thanks to the knowledge of the Ahreupen Empire, the amount cleared has increased by 13 %.

— Bulls have been cultivated for agriculture

— Workers and miners have been dispatched to 3 mines.

— Morata sends scouts to the nearby mountains to survey the land.

With the blessing of the Goddess Freya on the Continent of

Versailles, Morata could produce food in three months. It was useful to have more people have jobs as farmers.

"That is the key to the economy."

With grain and mineral production increases, monthly income would increase significantly. Weed preferred this strategy to making money than others.

"Money will not betray you."

Unconditional money and resources!

Instead of spending money on luxuries, he would rather strengthen the infrastructure.

Morata had a lot of residents and money was going to grow exponentially. The villagers also gave out quests. Residents were dedicated to farming or business so economic activity grew. Even if the users left, the inhabitants of the Continent of Versailles could still hunt and make money. There were all sorts of quests that were given and the rewards varied. The wealthy people give higher quality quests and was vital to economic health. Fortunately there were a number of residents in the north that gave hunting quests and a large variety of information. Artifacts from the fall of the Niflheim Kingdom were common place. Thanks to that, there were a large quanity of high quality quests. The Lord had to consider the needs of the city for its growth.

"Construct a wizard's tower."

The price for a Wizard's Tower was a whopping 100 thousand gold!

He had not build it before but now he had the money to build it.

"This is the cold north instead of the center of the continent so I need to decide on an Ice Wizard Tower."

Ice Wizards gained more benefits in the cold. Weed sought out a good spot. Wizard towers were very beautiful. The location had to be good for the sake of the city's beauty. In Morata Square there were many houses and businesses. The statue of Freya on the banks were more isolated.

"There we go."

Weed was in Internal Affairs Mode so he could see the users near the Statue of Freya.

Weed built the Wizards tower near the Statue of Freya.

Ice Tower!

An inverted icicle of a height of 20 meters was constructed.

"This is!"

"Morata's Lord has returned!"

When the Wizard's Tower was completed, there was much cheering from the users and residents. Morata's missing lord had returned. The residents and users had much respect for Weed, the god

of war.

"Now to invest a bit more after the Wizard Tower."

The number of jobs that beginners could choose in Morata were limited. Now with the tower mages could be selected as a profession. However many people were hoping for the Elemental Shaman class. It was a very popular class for those that were not very familiar with the game. Beginners chose Morata not because of its variety of classes. In order to change this, the elemental shaman guild was necessary.

"Elemental House construction!"

A screen appeared in front of Weed for him to choose a spirit.

There were dozens of popular spirits!

The arrogant looking spirits stood apart from each other.

"Next. Next…"

Weed skimmed through the spirits. Alone in the corner was the Fire spirit playing with fire and the Earth spirit scratching the ground.

"I'll make houses for those two guys."

> — Depending on the nature of the spirit, the construction costs are at least 20 thousand gold. What would you like to spend on the budget?

"20 thousand gold."

> — House of the Fire Spirit has been completed.
> — House of the Earth Spirit has been completed.

The sculpture spirit that he had shaped could now have a comfortable resting place. The characteristics of the building depended on the spirit. The stone spirit would have a stone house and the fire spirit would a cozy house.

> House of Spirits increases the affinity based on the spirit within
>
> A spirit can relax and play…but the effects are sensitive based on the size of the building.
>
> Contracts can be formed with the spirits.

A number of different types of buildings passed through his eyes. Considering the spirit he made he was going be be very frugal.

"Elemental Shaman Guild Construction!"

> Elemental Shaman Guild was established

It cost 80 thousand gold but now beginners in Morata could start off as shamans. Elemental shamans choses an affinity and could summon spirits such as wind and water. But If there was a spirit

house, then they could form a contract.

“With this, those guys will be able to enter into a lot of contracts.”

Spirits had difficult personalities and didn’t work well with other spirits. They were extremely moody, they pick fights, and they would ignore the Elemental Shaman and refuse their commands. They would waste a lot of mana in those situations. Understandably if there were going to be problems with disagreeable spirits. However his spirits were more docile. Elementals like these could not be found anywhere else.

“Its good that I made them.”

Even if they were not the best spirits, they still wouldn’t lose in power to other spirits.

Do not deny any contracts.

Treat all guests like kings.

Under Weed’s commands, the spirits could be contracted and summoned frequently. They would increase their strength through vigorous activity.

Since the contractors could hear the spirits they could build familiarity. Weed wanted to take care of the spirits he had made.

“Now, only for the necessary investments…”

Now all was left was the special building! Of course he was not thinking of making the Imperial Ahreupen Palace. That would require too much money and precious metals and even living in it would be a luxury that he could not afford.

“Construct special Ahreupen Granaries.”

— Construction of the Granaries
Store large amounts of grain.
Reduces prices fluctuation of food, and contributes to the economic development and child birth rates.
Economic power has increased by 7.
Hungry villagers will now migrate to Morata.

Next to the Elemental House, there was a large grain warehouse.

The stone building was like a towering skyscraper.

It was much larger than Morata’s largest building, the black castle.

A magnificent building made of 95 % stone was built as a grain warehouse.

“This is a building?”

“What is it?”

People were gathering around the Elemental Shaman guild and the spirit homes. Everyone began to have high spirits since shamans could now form spirit contracts in Morata.

“There are going to be a lot more Wizards and Shamans.”

“If I knew this was going to happen I would have waited before I chose a class!”

There were visitors in the spirit homes. The stone and fire home had unique appearances. The spirits were in a good mood.

“I will serve with absolute loyalty.”

“I can bury as many as 34 enemies into the ground.”

The spirits were soliciting users to visit them!

Suddenly the Ahreupen Granary was built next to the House of Spirits.

“Ahreupen Imperial Granary?”

“Where was the Ahreupen Empire? Its filled with grain. There’s other food too.”

It was the first building of its kind to be seen on the Continent of Versailles. It could hold food supplies in warehouses in enormous quantity.

“Did Lord Weed make this building?”

“Now this is going to end up on the forums!”

“News is that new buildings have been popping out of the ground in Morata like crazy.”

Morata was already considered the most beautiful city on the continent. Tourists often visit it because of the Hall of Fame. The photos of the scenery were all over the Internet. The grand appearance of the granary was a hot topic to the users.

“Construct Magical Fairy Pond.”

> — The fairy’s pond has been constructed.
> Fairies will come to find the pond.

Just as he finished the construction, it was time to log off. His sister was coming home now and it was time for dinner. There was less than an hour until she was home.

“She needs to hurry up and find a good man.”

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Lee Hayan could be seen coming home from the window.

“Oppa is back today.”

It was a big event for her since he went to Europe. Lee Hayan was walking through the streets with her handbag that had a newspaper in it. It was good to be aware of current events and it was impressive that she kept track of it.

‘It’s better to know things. At least I won’t be sorry that I didn’t.’

There was a period of time where Lee Hayan did not go to school.

There were dozens of times a day where loan sharks would visit the school and she felt suicidal. Rumors spread quickly throughout the school. Meeting with her friends began to feel shameful. She did not want to born and live in such an appalling household. After the debt was cleared, it felt like they had finally caught a break. She chose to go back to school one day when Lee Hyun going somewhere.

'Where is he going?'

Lee Hayan secretly followed after him. The place Lee Hyun was going was her teacher's house.

"I'm sorry. I will make sure that it will not happen again."

Lee Hyun had to bow and apologized to the teachers. Since school was a waste of money, he dropped out to find work despite his sister's pleading. She did not forget the situation that her brother Lee Hyun had been through. She had a change of heart, stopped being a bully, and was studying to be a good sister. When she came in the front gate of the house she heard the sound of music. It was a cool feeling, not jazz but a song by a group of women in a music dance group!

So pretty. Cute. Adorable.

Should I wear a short skirt for you?

I would wear sleeveless shirts to show to you.

I'm your girlfriend forever.

It was some sort of song!

In his small yard he set up and began to cook. Lee Hyun had eaten a lot of food in Europe so he wanted to make something from the ingredients that were there.

Pasta with red wine!

In essence, it was a combination of South Korean and Italian tastes.

Chapter 5: The Establishment of the Grass Porridge Cult

After Lee Hyun came back from his vacation, he began to play Royal Road earnestly. After making breakfast and lunch for his sister, he devoted the rest of his time to playing. He had to make up for the time that he spent in Europe and submerged himself into Royal Road. Of course he was very unhappy that Choe Jihun was meddling in his little sister's life.

"It may see childish…but I will not leave this alone. That is my right."

First, he made contact with a number of the kids in the neighborhood.

"Contact me if they meet and leave with each other. Let me know immediately if he tries to put his arm around her shoulder."

With those words he managed to get the young children on his side. Kids these days were not so easy to persuade. But with a small bribe of 1000 won and a little intimidation, he managed to get the kids to be his spies.

"If you refuse my request…it will be difficult for you to live in this town. Don't you know about the ones known as sixth graders?"

The faces of the young children would turn pale white.

"Think of what would happen if I told them your names."

He used another simple technique at the dojo.

At the dojo, once he bought four hot dogs for some of the elementary students so he could get them to do as he wants. He told them about several locations such as the library, the Movie Theater, hotels, and karaoke and showed them the picture of the two.

"Call me immediately if you see these two."

A total of 500 thousand won spent.

With this in mind, he sent Choe Jihun a text message.

'If you do anything, I will not let you live and kill you. I will kill you. I will track you to the end of the earth and kill you.'

With all of this in place, Lee Hyun could comfortably access Royal Road.

"This is because it's my sister's life. I want her to go out and be happy with a man that she will love!"

News of the Ahreupen Imperial Granaries spread throughout all of Morata. They were the only buildings that existed from the Ahreupen Empire, the only empire that unified all of the Continent of Versailles.

"When did Weed perform the quest for the Ahreupen Empire?"

"That quest…perhaps it was really a quest about the Ahreupen

Empire."

"Does that have anything to do with the King Hydra being summoned? Usually no one would even think of bringing such a monster… when it was summoned there is no way that anyone could hunt it alone."

The number of rumors constantly grew!

The number of rumors that appeared increased because of the specially constructed Ahreupen Imperial Granaries that Weed had made. In fact, many broadcasters had live conversations about that very topic. All sorts of people brought it upon themselves to satisfy their curiosity about the Ahreupen Empire.

Legendary Moonlight Sculptor.

If Weed released the fact about the Emperor of the Ahreupen Empire, it was obvious that it would heat up all of the Continent of Versailles.

However, more people would know then.

It was because there were not supposed to be any other professions that are supposed to know about sculptures. Among all the high level users, there were many that did not want others to known the secrets related to their class.

"Why did he decide to build the special granaries?"

"Maybe there's a lot of money in it? Perhaps it has something to do with a quest."

There was a lot of users chatting and speculating. The stone consumption was very large so he could not build such another large building.

Weed activated his intervention mode.

"Construct a scholar's school."

> Wise men will sit down and study in this place.
>
> Increases the city's intellectual level. The wisdom of wizards will permanently increase by 5. Will trigger the creation of the Scholarship Guild. Technology and culture has increased by 3.

Weed moved on the area near the square that had the portal that connected to the River of Wailing. In Morata, old wise men usually came to chat or sleep here.

"Construct the Astronomical Observatory."

> A precise stone building.
>
> You can observe the night sky. Advanced study of the climate can be helpful in the development of magic. The discovery of a constellation will bring good luck. Morata's astronomers can detect bad luck. Technology has increased

by 8.

All the stone was finally depleted! Buildings of the Ahreupen Empire consumed large amounts of stone. Now he could only construct buildings made out of wood.

“Construct the Ahreupen Merchant Center.”

> A facility for Merchants
>
> Enables access to more trade routes and controls the prices of goods. Will be able to provide foods targeted towards wealthy merchants. Actively involved in the art of trade.

“Construct Leather Goods Center.”

> Specialized in the trade of special leather products.
>
> Leather and skins can be made into common household products and traded. Increases the number of skilled tailors and develops tailoring industry. Morata’s sewing in relation to economy has increased by 10. Technology has increased by 15.

“Construct Ahreupen terraced gardens, fruit trees, wells, and wagons.”

He spent more than 500 gold on intensive construction.

The buildings of the Ahreupen Empire were not the only things that were going to make Morata more prosperous.

“Open an accessory store, open a small theater, open a jewelry store, open a furniture store, open a winery, open a chicken farm, and open a sheep farm.”

He did not forget how lucrative users were in Morata.

“The money spent will eventually come back to me.”

He was building all sorts of facilities to extort money from the users. The creation of wineries will provide good wine and the chicken supplies will help towards the sales of pubs and inns. Aside from farming and mining, these were core industries and an important source of income. Of course he had to be careful of running a deficit, but it was worth it to extend its operations all over Morata.

“The square seems a bit narrow…”

From the influx of users and buildings, there open space now felt a lot narrower. In the fountain there was the merchant center and users went around obtaining quests and parties on a day to day basis. Morata was growing exponentially such that users had to wait in lines at store.

“This time I’m going to expand Morata to be larger.”

Weed began to build four more squares at the outskirts of the town.

“Construct the Wyvern Square, construct the Bingryong Square, construct the Light Tower Square, construct the Rover Square.”

It cost 40 thousand gold to have a square built with a fountain but it was a decent strategy.

Gravel was evenly spread along the spoil but it was still very spacious.

It was a much larger area compared to Serabourg, the capital of the Kingdom of Rosenheim. The Statue of Freya was surrounded by five squares in the shape of a diamond.

“Connect them so that you can make your way from one to another…”

He gave instructions to the building of roads through commercial buildings and residential areas. The city was now five times larger than it was before!

Looking from the sky, he could see the five squares surrounding the statue.

“Buy the land now and as the lord I will get money from all of them in the future.”

Reporters from each broadcaster were dispatched to the North. The reason was because there were no movements in the war between the Kingdom of Haven and the Kallamore Kingdom. Because of this, they focused their attention to the clouds of war that were stirring in the Northern region.

“This time, the God of War Weed will taste bitter defeat. It is reckless to think that he would be able to fight against several guilds.”

“Is that so. Are the various guilds of the north truly united? They have temporarily joined in an alliance in name but it was will hard for them to work together.”

Challengers appeared to counter Weed’s large quest.

Public interest was concentrated on the north from the broadcasters and the Internet. They were all thinking about who was going to win the upcoming war in the live broadcast. Many were anticipating seeing the God of War Weed commanding his troops and defeating the unified alliance of guilds. A female adventurer from the CTS Media spent four days interviewing over half of the villages. More than five villages were shown training their soldiers in preparation.

“Is the Styrene Guild really going to invade Morata?”

“Of course.”

The Styrene Guild Master replied confidently.

They were constantly training their soldiers and purchasing weapons and armors from the central continent. They had also gathered enormous funds to sign up several mercenaries and Dark

Gamers. CTS Media had millions watching the new because they wanted to know what was going on in the world. At the time, the biggest news was the users and their guilds aiming in the North for Morata.

"May I ask how much preparations are being made?"

"We have roughly armed all of the soldiers and contacted a blacksmith in the Central Continent to create siege weapons as well. After the Protection of Freya ends, we are going to invade Morata."

The Styrene Guild was preparing enormous amounts to war. Over half of the towns were dominated by the Styrene Guild and almost all of their troops were being used for the goal of occupying Morata. More than 100 thousand troops were being prepared to overwhelmingly occupy Morata.

Pale was maintaining his bow while Surka was looking over her gloves. Zephyr was checking his rod to see if the line was working well. They were hunting in Morata and they could feel the surrounding atmosphere.

"A big war is coming."

Pale calmly said.

Archers had the opportunity of playing a significant role in the war. They did not fall as quickly as warriors since they did not make confrontation. Pale and the rest of the party fought in the battle against the invasion of monsters. He ran around the walls shooting arrows, aimed at the back of the heads of medium sized monsters. Because of this, Pale had a lot of combat experience and a high level. Hwayrung was checking out her dresses and accessories.

"I think this is going to be a big stage!"

Romuna said.

"This time, I'm going to sweep them all away with my magic!"

For the siege, a lot of money went towards hiring mercenaries to fight. You could drop dead, lose a few levels and items, but if you win then there was an opportunity to earn a lot. However, for Pale and his party, such a thought did not exist and they just wanted to protect Morata. This was because Weed was their friend. They were not even afraid if it was going to be a difficult fight.

"So how you think it's going to go?"

"I'm sure Weed has something in mind…probably."

"By the way, where is Mapan?"

Irene asked, to which everyone could only shrug their shoulders.

"I don't know. I saw him trading near the River of Waling and didn't see him much after that."

Merchant Mapan ran a number of profitable stores. She probably knew where he was but didn't reveal it.

Weed was left with a mere 260 thousand gold left! Morata did not have any defense facilities and could not recruit an army like the other guilds.

"I've been trying to live a good life but then you try to touch my rice bowl…"

Weed wet his lips as he said.

He did not know how to use this boiling rage!

At that moment he made a difficult decision.

"Open a military camp."

On the outskirts of town, he spent 70 thousand gold in order to construct a professional military camp. It was a camp that was made to train infantry, archers, and spearmen. With training, soldiers could increase their levels. There could also be a center to train horses and cavalry. However that cost an enormous 200 thousand gold!

"Heuheuk this is better."

Weed was alone in his room bitter as he tried to sooth himself.

At that moment he made his most heartbreaking decision since he had become a sculptor.

"Draft 8 thousand people as soldiers."

He conscripted a total of 8 thousand soldiers.

Forced conscription of soldiers raised dissatisfaction amongst young people. It would also lower the morale of the soldiers that are drafted. 10 gold was consumed per drafted unit. There was also a monthly salary of 3 gold.

"Huuk huuk."

Weed had to rest from shortness of break. Breathing became difficult from the high levels of pain and suffering.

"Now, I'm out of money."

It cost a lot to upkeep soldiers. Each soldier costs 3 gold to upkeep and a wizard's salary was at least 600 gold. To arm four horsemen cost 3000 gold. Intermediate level cavalry cost 10 thousand gold apiece. The military camp cost him 70 thousand gold and the draft cost him 80 thousand! He had to give money to hire soldiers otherwise the people's complaints would rise. This cost 100 gold per household for each soldier. It was not easy to raise so much money. Knights required horses and they needed to train soldiers to be loyal to their lords. With an increase of soldiers and knights, the lord had access to greater power and influence. However Weed could only think of the costs.

"My lord has asked to recruit soldiers."

"Come and join. Protect Morata with your own hands!"

In the Intervention Mode, he could observe the situation of sturdy young men running up to the camps to provide their services. The loyalty of the people was considerably higher than normal and the

draft period ended quickly. But Weed still did not expect very much. Even with proper training, they did not have enough time to train and were only there to increase the headcount. These soldiers would drop very quickly in the war. Of course if the commander was excellent, then the deployment could alter the fight in their favor but that was different since 8 thousand soldiers was not much. However more additional unexpected situations occurred.

> Peroyi armored infantry, a total of 160 residents, have come as support.
>
> There are 197 archers in the town that offer their bows. Do you wish to enlist them?
>
> In Morata there are 451 Hunters that have heard about the danger and wish to help.

People began to volunteer in large scales at the military camps for a total of 2680 people!

It was like exploiting human resources.

As if he wanted to eat chicken and the chicken has shown up in front of him already plucked, seasoned and holding a lighter!

“Nevertheless, their lives will not be in vain.”

Weed gladly accepted them all.

“All of them are Morata’s authorized soldiers.”

> Morata’s soldiers have increased by a total of 10,680.
> Average level: 17
> Training: 12%

There is some difference between the new soldiers based on their experience of combat experience.

The recruits that were assembled were just like a house that has nastily cut corners like the windows were made out of leather clothing. They had better training than the other villages but their behavior was different. Morata had lower morale, training, levels, and weapons in all areas. The Protection of Freya over Morata ends in 36 days!

“Where do these soldiers’s hearts lie…”

He still had some time left, but Weed could not be relieved yet.

The other guilds had many high level users.

Even after recruiting, the soldiers were no different than scarecrows.

They could be picked off by arrows over devastated from an enemy magic attack. Without the Order of Freya, the number of soldiers, weapons, and armor were not reassuring.

“Call Death Knight Van Hawk!”

The Death Knight appeared in black smoke as he summon.

“I answer the master’s call.”

“I need you to go get your hoobaes (juniors)”

“Hoobae?”

“Kolderim. Go to Kolderim and use all of my contributions to bring the Kallamore Knights here.”

The kingdom of Kallamore had the best knights and they were known as invincible in the battle against the Kingdom of Haven. In the end, he got 23 thousand contribution from saving Kolderim in the Kingdom of Vampires.

“With Kolderim here, then the soldiers will grow a little faster.”

In effect, it was killing two brids with one stone by having Kolderim here.

“Take Wah-2 with you.”

“I will leave immediately.”

While Weed was in intervention mode, aside from building more buildings, he set up a new position in the castle.

“To take care of the department of taxes and financy, Geumini will represent the agency on his behalf…”

He could think of no other than the expensive life sculpture Geumini.

Wah-1 was the Deputy tax officer, Wah-2 was the tax collector, Wah-3 was the Bureau, Wah-4 was the Secret Service, Wah-5 was the special Tax Bureau.

“Bingryong will be the Minister of War. Phoenix will cooperate and be the deputy minsters of war.”

Rover was appointed to the department of Commerce. He appointed himself to the Agency of City Beautification. It was not an option to distribute the power.

He kept all the key positions in Morata to himself.

Morata had exceptionally small guilds.

It was rare for beginners to rent a shack, much less start a guild office.

Morata’s dawn!

There were many wandering the streets. In the distance, the light tower sprinkled the moonlight faintly. Morata at dawn was more beautiful than it was during the day.

“Soreuban, are we almost there?”

“Yes Huteo, it’s just up ahead.”

They were a novices that were wearing rabbit leather armor. It was made from sewing together a bunch of different pieces. Morata had the advantage that armor made from sewing skills was very good for low level users. Clothes that were sewn by craftmen were usually expensive so it was probably used.

“No one’s following us right?”

They stopped with an uneasy feeling of being robbed.

“Stop turning around to look. Even if we don’t check, they will.”

“What do you mean?”

“Look at the shack.”

The roughly built shacks had their windows open.

Within the windows was the glint of sharp eyes!

They would catch anyone that was following secretly.

The Soreuban said to the other in a whisper.

“Do not say anything of what goes on today outside of this place. One wrong word and then for me and you…we will be done for in Morata.”

Gulp.

Huteo swallowed his saliva from the tension of the meaning of those words.

“Of course, you said that you will never talk about the meeting or the place?”

“Yea, if we said it then it will spread and we won’t be able to get into parties or hunting quests.”

“You have to be careful of what you say in Morata.”

“Not only in Morata. Their power is becoming more and more widespread. It might as well be in all of the Northern part of the Continent of Versailles. In the worst case scenario then we may need to quit Royal Road!”

To be robbed of the charm of playing Royal Road.

Most people played Royal Road at least once a day. As newcomers they did not have the benefit of starting over.

“It’s such a powerful group. That the…”

“Shh, this is not the place where you can speak that name freely.”

“Oops.”

Huteo was urgently made silent.

Soon the two of them reached their destination without a word.

The destination was on top on a hill on a dense field of shacks.

Even though it was plain, there was in fact a basement that opened up to an incredibly wide area.

Hidden dungeon!

This Morata’s shack was originally a dungeon.

It was a large dungeon and with the contributions of a particular group that hunted down the monsters within.

At the entrance they had to perform a simple entrance test.

“Chwiik.”

The toll to get in by a user was to respond with a larger nasal sound.”

“Chwiyik!”

“Chwek!”

“Go ahead.”

Suddenly at the back of the dungeon there were a lot of people. There was a maze of shacks and a large number of people in them.

“Thank for letting me in. So…”

The two of them went around the dungeon. There were more than 20 thousand people gathered here. It much was evidence to the secret society in Morata.

Torches covered every wall.

“Here is the meat from the dragon slayer.”

“Oh, the dragon!”

“Here is your change.”

“Keep the change. Keep it.”

There were a bunch of people talking passionately. Most of them were beginners but there were also many high level users. They were the ones that were envious of Weed from the Continent of magic. He was a free as the wind but as destructive as a volcano. He did not tolerate the oppression of the big guilds. There was a large range of his supporters. Weed, from the Continent of Magic had built up a reputation and Morata was a good place to live so high level users were attracted there. That is how the underground society was formed. In the corner there were people that were handing out food for free. It wasn’t much so the people were eating it sparingly. The identity of the food they were eating was grass porridge. The group that Huto and Soreuban had joined was the Grass Porridge Cult. They had a total of 320 thousand members. The person that started the Grass Porridge Cult in the North was a user called Lemon. Lemon was a Saint from the Kingdom of Rosenheim. She had encountered the grass porridge for the first time during the construction of the pyramid.

“Oh cool.”

It was delicious.

Beginners did not eat much because they could not cook. In addition they were always hungry because of the huge physical labor they performed. When this happens, drinking the delicacy of grass porridge was exceptional. She had transported stones thirty nine times during the construction of the Pyramid and Sphinx.

She would never forget that emotional moment.

Thanks to the fame from the quest, it was a big help to her as a novice in and outside of Rosenheim. Lemon then began hunting and arrived in Morata. She remembers Weed exactly. He was an unscrupulous employer that exploited workers without any better treatment but there was the potential for compensation at the end! After the completion of the Statue of Freya, grass porridge spread

through Morata like a wildfire.

New players would be given grass porridge to drink and then follow the group with respect. They would drink grass porridge after hunting. They would endure their problems with the Grass Porridge Cult. There were many advantages to grass porridge since it did not require many ingredients and it was filling. There was no need to eat at fancy restaurants since they had improved the grass porridge with sugar, ginseng, and moderates amounts of meat. There was plenty of it to eat and it tasted good.

Beginners faced a period of suffering. However, those that had participated in Weed's quests formed close friendships. Lemon and the other players from the Kingdom of Rosenheim handed out free grass porridge to hungry players. Thus the Grass Porridge Cult formed with the shacks as the base which alleviated the sufferings of the beginners. Once it came to be known that Weed, the sculptor, and Weed, the God of War, were on and the same, then high level players started joining in Morata. They were disgusted with the unjust actions of the large guilds. Weed, the God of War was a symbol of power and freedom to them. Thus the Grass Porridge Cult grew rapidly in Morata. There were over 312 thousand low level users over level 50 and 8000 high level players!

Even if they left Morata for a quest, they would never forget their alliances to the province of Morata. The goal of the Grass Porridge Cult was to blindly follow Weed.

"In a moment, we will see a video of Karichwi."

"Ohhhh!"

The atmosphere of the secret meeting became even more enthusiastic. Insteal of an unorganized rally speech, it was more like a festival. There were cooks that were making delicious grass porridge. In the center there was a bonfire with people dancing.

"Oh, there's bamboo in it."

"To think that I died once from eating poisonous mushrooms."

The Grass Porridge Cult members were so happy from eating that they could die.

They were complete novices but they could still share their joys with each other.

After a lot of time, the sun started to come out.

In the center of the event a voice yelled out. He was wearing a thick robe on top of his head.

"Gentlemen, as you know there are many northern forces that intend on invading Morata!"

The atmosphere of the group was like a glass of cold water being spilt.

Beginners could only express hostility and anger from their eyes.

“They have spent a large sum of money on buying mercenaries to take over Morata. However, it will be like any other city. They will raise taxes.”

In order to regain their investment, they were bound to raise taxes. Especially if the guilds occupy Morata. Because of their greed to attack other cities, Morata was going to be caught in the vortex of war. The beginners were not deaf nor blind so they understood the situation. It had become very worrisome.

“We will lose our shacks. There will be a need to get licenses to hunt rabbits. This stops now. Let us protect Morata with out power!”

“Woooaaah!”

The beginners lifted their rusty swords and shouted cheers.

“Let’s sign up more members to the Grass Porridge Cult. Let us increase the number of people in Morata that believe in freedom and justice!”

To overcome the crisis, the beginners began to access the situation. The eyes of the man that started all of it lit up.

‘To think…that the technique that Weed taught me would work.’

Inflame the Grass Porridge Cult!

The user’s identity that conducted the event was Mapan.

Weed had handed over the production of fabrics to the Grass Porridge Cult for the duration of the war. With a minimal investment he would reap an maximum effect. Weed had concocted war preparations from behind the scenes.

“Hmm.”

“Ahem.”

“Cough.”

In a large clearing, Geomchi was sitting awkwardly. They had made a meeting with a group of female orcs. The one that organized it was Seechwi.

“This is Meru.”

“Please call me Meruchwi, chwiik!”

“I am called Geomchi.”

“My name is Chilcwhi. Chwichwit.”

“What a lovely name. I am Geomchi3.”

The Geomchis were busy introducing themselves to orcs. Favorable rumors were spreading amongst the orcs about Geomchi so the atmosphere was very friendly. After they came to a meeting, Geomchi132 sent a whisper.

— A war is going to take place in Weed’s Morata. We would like permission to go fight the invaders.

Geomchi’s thick eyebrows twitched since he was the

representative of the group.

— What did you say?

— We would like to help with Weed during the siege.

— Siege? Are you sure that something so interesting is happening?

— It is. It's all over the television about how they're going to finally attack.

— It's broadcasted on the television?

Geomchi jumped up from the spot.

"I'm sorry something urgent just came up. I'll have to be going back now."

"What…did I do something wrong. Chwit!"

"No, its just that the youngest is getting in a fight so can I have your contact info?"

Fighting a war was the most fun in the world. He had the opportunity to participate.

"Chwichwit, please just whisper me."

Geomchi got up from the meeting with the orcs to gather everyone else.

"Is going to be on the television?"

"I was already on the television during the dragon fight so are we going to be on again?"

Geomchi opened his mouth to say.

"I have not seen a siege yet. Is it really awesome?"

"I saw one once before."

"What happened?"

"It was like a movie. At the end we will have to bear with endless incoming enemies."

"Keueu."

"That makes me feel better about going to Morata now."

"In what way?"

"Half of them are girls."

"There are so many girls?"

Even if the orc woman look like pigs, he would still want a woman. In Morata, over half of the novices were woman. Geomchi50 said.

"After the battle with the dragon and dying, Geomchi16 got a girlfriend."

"It was a very memorable day."

The first Geomchi to have gotten a girlfriend was a great event. Since then, the Geomchis have been completely looking for their chance.

"It happened because he protected a woman against the dragon."

Geomchi3 hit his knee. How could he not be excited.

“Come on and let’s go!”

“For the siege!”

The Geomchis from all over Rosenheim Kingdom and The Yuroki Mountains. They heard the news and headed to Morata on horseback. The disciples amongst the Orcs came along as well.

Chapter 6: Weed's Song

Freya's protection over Morata has ended.

The Styrene Guild, the Puren Guild, and the rest of the guild alliance gathered their forces onto the plain. The users in the rest of the army were waiting to depart in the other villages.

Northern Alliance.

A total of 128 thousand units had been gathered. Of these units, more than 90 thousand were NPCs. They had been training in the north with swords, bows, shields, and other weapons for the war. They had prepared 40 armored units to siege the walls.

"Let us depart to Morata. We shall take it over."

"Looting is allowed. First come, first serve."

"We shall have the fertile land of Morata. Raise your swords!"

The Guild Masters were trying to boost the morale of their army. In such a large scale war, the morale of the NPC soldiers were factors that could not be ignored. The Northern Alliance were only 8 hours away from Morata.

KMC Media, CTS Media, and the CHN were the stations that were going to film the war live. The forums were packed with posts that were related to it.

> — Everyone, its time for the show about Weed's war!
> — I've been waiting for this.
> — Simply been waiting for it to start.

God of War Weed.

Because of his huge reputation, everyone was gathered in front of their televisions trying to suppress their tension and excitement. They were going to show Weed fighting.

> — The Northern Alliance has some really awesome power, don't they? It's not uncommon for such a large scale battle to happen in the central continent.
>
> — How will Weed fight on such a magnitude?
>
> — I honestly expect Morata to be defeated. Without the Church, no matter how many soldiers Morata has, they will all be low level.
>
> — I was a mercenary in the Continent of Magic and the large scale wars in Royal Road are on a whole another level. It's going to be the Northern Alliance's unconditional victory.

— Doesn't Weed have a lot of experience with war? I remember seeing him conducting the Orcs and Dark Elves on the video.

— Having war experience does not constitute victory. I'm sticking with the army to win. You know about the Continent of Magic don't you? Weed never joins any guilds.

The war over the Internet had already started. With Weed's reputation, it was hard to think that he would lose. The war against the Undying Legion was a big shock. Weed had, by himself, conducted a war using the Orcs and Dark Elves on a never before seen scale. However the broadcasters believed in the overwhelming victory of the Northern Alliance.

“According to the information, Morata only formed a number of soldiers recently in small number and poor quality.”

“This is the first time that anyone is going to beat Weed on such a large scale.”

In real life, there were a number of high level users that gave their own unfavorable views. However, in reality, the greater burden was placed on the users of the Northern Alliance.

God of War Weed!

Weed had already built a reputation on the Continent of Versailles as the absolute fighter.

Even though it was only one person, he had solved impossible quests and he had Bingryong, the Wyverns, and the Phoenix. It only made sense that the Styrene Guild was very tense.

“We have to watch out for Weed. We need to catch Weed. If we do, then we will surely win. We have power many times greater than that of Morata. You do not need to worry about the others. You will be able to drop them in one hit.”

“Woooaaah!”

“Do you think Weed is scary? It's just a big monsters! Hunting large monsters is what large experienced guilds like us do. Just think of it like hunting. Simply catch the large monster and take its loot.”

The Northern Alliance advanced!

Soon they came within the distance to see the Light Tower and the Statue. It was just a short 30 minute walk away.

The 11,867 armed forces of Morata were waiting. The Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom were nowhere to be seen.

“Over there. Ready your weapons!”

“Ooooh!”

The Northern Alliance had prepared weapons to siege the walls with so they were going to go to another location. They were going to do this because they thought Weed had experience with war. The siege weapons slowly approached. The opponents thought that Weed was not anywhere nearby. That was because the gates to the walls were still slightly open.

“Go and attack the gates. Once we get the gate then its our victory!”

The full force of the Northern Alliance charged forwards. Then the gates opened wide. With the sounding of a trumpet, Knights galloping on horseback could be seen.

Shipppuuuwoooyu!

Coming out of the gate were the Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom!

Leading the charge was the Knight Kolderim.

“That, that crest.”

“That flag with a shield on it…its the pattern of the Kallamore Kingdom!”

The Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom had been seen various times in the war broadcast of the Kingdom of Haven. Each of the Knights were at least level 350 and the named ones went all the way up to level 450! According to footage, each knight could beat high level large monsters on their own. The group of a the knights led by their leader began their assault against the siege units. The siege units were being handled by users. They were confused because they were divided into various different guilds. Those from the weaker guilds that saw them coming got scared and fled from the battle.

“Run!”

“I didn't know that there were going to be Knights from the Kallamore Kingdom here!”

The Northern Alliance, in their shock began to shoot arrows and cast magic.

“O Hot Flame, Burn Thy Enemy. Flame Blast!”

“Triple Shot!”

“Chain Lightning!”

A number of randomly aimed attacks poured out against the sudden attack.

“Scatter!”

The Kallamore Knights scattered into groups of 50. With their quick speed they were far away from the magical attacks to be damaged.

Kwakwang kue kwa!

The lightning struck, the earth shook, the flames soared.

The wizards that were planning to use their magic sparingly to destroy the walls used all their magic! Below the power of the attacks that had destroyed the ground could be seen. Since they had overlapped their magic in the same area, the Kallamore Knights had avoided it. The 150 elite knights of the Kallamore Kingdom that put all of the Kingdom of Haven into terror continued their charge. The mighty knights were wearing full plate armor that was capable of absorbing magical attacks without breaking. Weed did more than just that to make sure that the Knights did not fall helplessly. Every time the seasons change he could enact the Blessing from the Goddess Freya! Thanks to that, the Kallamore Knights were all blessed.

The 150 Knights charged with their horses and instantly took down 130 people.

“Charge!”

Kolderim gave a command.

They had prepared magic attacks again for the fight, but they had not known that the knightmare of the battlefield, the Kallamore Knights would have appeared.

“Gahhhh! Help!”

“Hurry and avoid.”

The enemy Kallamore Knights were so fast that they could not resist. The large armored knights appeared in the battle with the utmost majesty. They were being taken out miserably. The wizards of the Northern Alliance began to prepare their spells again.

“Water Storm.”

“Triple Gravity!”

“Incinerate!”

They used their spells near the allied forces. The wizards of the guilds did not take into account the location of the Kallamore Knights and did not hesitate to use their magic. Wizards were useful in war because they could use magic to dispatch large groups of enemies crowded together. Because they were getting experience and fame,

they did not hesitate to use magic. The leaders of the Northern Alliance were being brutally hit by large scale magics.

“Crazy Mages!”
“Stop it!”

But the wizards did not stop their magic.

— Level up
— Level up
— Magic has inflicted severe injury on allies.
— Allies have been killed.
— Infamy has increased by 350.
— Level up.

They were leveling up tremendously!

Users that were part of the Northern Alliance averaged between level 250 to 300. They still had to be concerned about the Kallamore Knights.

“Eternal Guardian!”

None of the Kallamore Knights died. Their weapons and armor had magical blessings stored on them that would trigger. Each of the group of 50 knights would rush and then scatter. Using their high mobility, dozens of knights would rush in and kill a single person instantly. In fact, many of the users had not been prepared to fight to the death. Instead of trying to fight against the knights, many were trying to escape the explosions. Multiple guilds were part of the alliance so it was hard to stop the mages from casting magic.

“Don't run away!”
“I didn't know that the Kallamore Knights would show up all of a sudden!”

The battlefield of the Northern Alliance was a mix of screaming and dying. There was not a command system set up and the wizrds were blindly attacking while others fled. The Kallamore Knights would rush in between the dust and flames as if they were Reapers of the Battlefield. However the situation would change for the Northern Alliance if enough times passes. The Knights would get tired eventually and then the enemy would aim for a counterattack. They could not imagine that a large enough army would appear from Morata's castle.

“Move! Advance! Keep marching!”
“Let's go! We can protect Morata with our own hands!”

They were wearing leather clothes and wielding old iron swords. The beginners began to enter into the war. The prestigious guilds were the revolting scum of the earth with their oppression and tyranny. They advanced to stop them and they would never give up Morata to them.

The Continent of Versailles was a harsh and rugged place to travel in!

Hunting a deer was like a boss monster to beginners. There was also the heart pounding feeling of wandering around a field and discovering a dungeon. People say that the central continent was a good place to hunt but they never got the chance to hunt. In various areas, beginners had to bow their heads to the prestigious guilds to avoid offending them. They had to pay money if they wanted to hunt. They couldn't say anything even if the hunting toll increased. A single dagger would have a 50 % tax rate, and even a severe 70 % tax rate. They wanted to have their freedom. Their reasons for traveling the continent were different. But now was the time for them to fight. They only had leather armor, a sword, and some barley bread that they ate sparingly as they traveled to the north.

Then a story passed through the beginner community a few weeks ago. Various beginners put their experiences together and shared information since they had all undergone the same tearful pains of trying to earn money from rabbit leather. These beginners began to read some posts. Here were some of the rumors.

> — Grass Porridge Cult recruiting unlimited number of beginners at no cost!
>
> — It's a organization that is secretly sponsered by Weed.
>
> — The Lord does not exploit the Tower of Light, The Statue of Freya, or any of the beginners of their jobs or rights.

In the scale of four weeks, they gathered an enormous number of beginners from all over the Continent of Versailles in Morata.

Tens of thousands would be fighting scarecrows since then.

“We can fight.”

“Get up and defend our freedom!”

The city of Morata led a bitter battle atmosphere as they charged ahead. The people of Morata had absolute loyalty and supported each other. Beginners would have their leather clothes repaired for free as well as free packaged food. They had become stronger from relentlessly beating on the scarecrows. The Geomchi sword masters began lectures aimed towards beginners. It didn't matter if they had

spend weeks of training. They had been waiting for this moment to fight.

"Let's go!"

"It's time to fight."

An army of beginners poured through Morata's gates!

Ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand…

Tens of twenty of waves poured out. They continued coming out of the gates without any sign of decline. Morata was the place that beginners gathered on the Continent of Versailles. There were people that had walked all the way from the central continent to those that started in Morata. They were lined up all the way to the castle. The entire area was filled with beginners! In the midst of the Northern Alliance getting attacked by the Kallamore Knights, the army of beginners suddenly attacked. Mapan rushed around giving commands.

"Do not let the front line break! Support as much as possible. Shoot to kill! Do not hesitate to die because the 1.2 million other Grass Porridge Cult members will avenge you."

The Grass Porridge Cult began to move in groups of 32 members to fight. The power in their beginner swords were very humble. They were barely wearing any armor unlike the Northern Alliance members. These common soldiers were formidable opponents. Their levels ranged from 30 to 50 but they did not have any regard for their lives. They were still complete beginners in the field of fighting.

"Get them in the chest!"

"Attack their legs."

"Chuck axes at their heads!"

Every time there was a successful attack a beginner would scream out in death! It was clear to them that they were dying. However, the users began to panic. The number of beginners did not stop coming. There was a severe level difference of 100 so it was not hard to kill them. However, once you kill one, then two would show up and then after than three more would show up. In such a large crowd they could not relax for a moment. The Kallamore Knights had the power of about half of the Northern Alliance with the exception of the ordinary soldiers. In the crazed battle, the organized beginners pushed them back with their insanity.

"Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!"

"Kill the invaders."

"Our lives are worth nothing. We can do nothing but benefit from killing them and taking their items that drop!"

Beginners began their frantic full body assault!

In the air there was a large number of units all over the wall. It was a frightening thing to see. There were a large number of containers filled with arrows!

“Shoot the arrows!”

Even though they were novice archers, mages, and clerics, arrows were still a big threat. The users with low defense would not be able to defend themselves in the confusion.

“Fireball!”

“Ice bolt!”

“Fireball!”

Novice mages magical attacks!

Mages all over Morata's wall began to ruthlessly rain down magic on the enemy units. The novice mages magical power could not be ignored. The elementalist started to show up as well.

“Faithful stone servant come forth and defeat my enemy.”

“Shake the ground and churn the soil!”

They rained down stones that lowered the durability, defense, and attack of swords and armors. Archers also had their bows cracked and broken. Frequently, the ground would crack and swallow up the users of the Northern Alliance. Of course they could climb back up but the stamina consumption was huge. Moreover, the spirits listened to every command that they gave. Suddenly the earth changed into a swamp and an arm appeared dragging ankles into the soil. The users of the Northern Alliance began to curse.

“These beginners are getting cheeky.”

“They're garbage. Slice them apart!”

“Just because you have all gathered together, what makes you think you can do anything?”

The difference in levels could not help much so around beginners would drop like leaves. It was difficult to kill 1 to 2 people of the Northern Alliance. However, it turned into a battlefield in other parts of the Northern Alliance. Not all of Morata was low level users. The prestigious guilds from the central continent did not pay close enough attention! The high level users fought together in the north. They had mobilized large numbers of beginners to hide themselves.

They then began their assault alongside the novices. The users fought together in Morata to tie down the enemies. Even the Geomchis were mixed among the beginners.

“Why are there so many openings?”

Geomchi150 would appear everytime the beginners would launch an attack. He could precisely see the gap in which to stab his sword into.

— You have struck a fatal blow!

The users of the Northern Alliance would angrily wave their swords at Geomchi150 but they never even reached him.

“They need to learn how to swing a sword from scratch.”

— You have struck a fatal blow!

Pale's party was also make moves.

“Hey what's up?”

Hwaryung approached and smiled as the users' eyes widened. She was wearing a dazzling purple dress that revealed her charming legs.

“Enchanting dance!”

Hwaryung began to use her fascinating dance move to free the users where they stood.

'No way.'
'You can't do this!'

It was unfair. While they paralyzed they could not help but be extremely angry. They didn't even get to keep watching her dance. Hwaryung left behind a faint flowery smell as they were forced to stand there. Pale and Maylon fired arrows at these enemies.

“Poison Arrow.”

It was a sniper skill. They were moving everywhere while shooting arrows with extreme accuracy. She deliberately took the day off in order to participate in the battle.

— This is KMC Media's Shin Hye-Min in Morata!

There was equipment in her capsule that linked everything she saw to the relay stations.

“Please call me Maylon here.”

— Yes Maylon. Can I transfer this onto the broadcast?

Maylon said while pulling her bowstrings.

“Of course!”

With her permission, the images from her capsule were transmitted to the station. People could see KMC's broadcast of a female Ranger pulling her bowstring. The tip of the arrow left the bow like a snake. You could see the weight of the arrow as it hit the forehead of a user. The user lost a lot of health and turned grey instantly.

“Twenty nine! Did you see that?”

— Are you having second thoughts now that you're involved in the battle?

“Yes. I need to keep fighting on Morata's side.”

Aside from the two of them firing arrows, there was a storm of fire. Romuna was successful in casting a long powerful spell from memory. After a while black clouds formed over her head. She quickly moved out of the way to dodge it.

Crackle crackle kwagwa bashhaa!

Thunder bolts dropped from the sky simultaneously. A wizard took off his hood to see if the attack was successful. Maylon continued to fire her bow off. Her arrows shot into the upper torso of the wizard.

“Thirty! This time I didn't miss the wizard.”

The breath of everyone that was watching was taken away from the sudden events. Multiple stations were broadcasting live at Morata. This was the advantage they needed to get higher ratings than the other stations.

Of the Northern Alliance there were many warrior and paladin users with high defense, but they did not hunt like the Geomchis. Boss monsters that Knights would not be capable of kill the Geomchis could hunt! The users of the Northern Alliance stopped panicking and grasped the situation. However, they could only realize the number of disadvantages there were. The guild chat was so congested that no one could find any decent information. The Kallamore Knights were still stronger than a high class boss monster as they engaged the field of carnage. Level 50 beginners, though small, was still something to be

worried about. Users were going along with the beginners and hunting enemies as assassins. Because they were low level, the beginners pressed on fearlessly.

“Morata's army!”

Morata's soldiers jumped into the war. They mainly focused on shooting arrows from a distance to intercept the Northern Alliance. Then there was a scream!

Dung dung dung dung puaaaa!

Music could be heard from all over Morata. Bard began to play all at once. Bards could help with aiding allies by replenishing their stamina. The bards gave a performance about the Morata Lord's might.

“Let the power of our souls play!”

The bards started to blow a horn. Soon the mood began to escalate rapidly. It felt as if something was going to show up!

“Keurwalalalalalala!”

Then they heard a huge roar. The soldiers and generals of the Northern Alliance began to feel weak at the knees as they collapsed onto the floor. The Peerless Dragon causes weak creatures to die. The aura began to fill the bodies of everyone in the Northern Alliance.

“What?”

“What has appeared?”

Looking up into the sky, at the castle the giant Bingryong could be seen flying around. He was too large to have good agility or stamina, and he was weaker than usual but the intimidation that he gave off was real.

“Its Bingryong!”

“God of War Weed is here with Bingryong!”

Weed was sitting on top of Bingryong's head. The Wyverns were flying around as escorts with the Phoenix.

“Weed!”

“The God of War Weed has descended!”

The users that had participated in the fight began to shake with fear in their eyes. Due to Weed's charisma, the users of the Northern Alliance were suddenly affected.

“There is no way we could have won against a famous adventurer like him.”

“Weed was able of catching a dragon. We can never win.”

Weed had colossal fame and fighting spirit that caused the enemy soldiers to lose morale. Morale was recognized as an important power on a battlefield. Weed smiled satisfied.

“This is a wonderful hunting ground.”

Tens of thousand of people in the war!

If he won the war then he, the lord, would get a lot of fame and a title but that was not what Weed found interesting. Why would he risk himself if he could get more fame from a quest. He had struggled with an S rank quest for his class. Weed wanted the equipment that was worn by the Northern Alliance. On the item trading site, he could get 75 thousand, 90 thousand, 1060 thousand, 2.9 million and higher up to 10 million won for the items. There were a lot of users that were equipped with swords and armor.

“Alright. Alright. This is great.”

He did not know how many Kallamore Knights and beginners were left since the fight had already gone on for 2 hours. Now that the Northern Alliance was exhausted and lost a lot of vitality it was now time for him to strike. He still had to be careful of the mages that were meditating to regenerate mana.

“Keulkeulkeulkeul.”

Weed smiled and let out a wicked laugh.

From the very beginning of the war he had been waiting for this very moment. It was cowardly but he fought nonetheless.

“I can see the items that I'll get from killing.”

It was not an exaggeration that Dark Gamers got a special bonus payment at least once a year. There was a jackpot all over the area. In this one battle he would be able to get a lot of equipment. Weed cleared his throat now that he was ready. The bards continued to play their music. It was to indicate the joy of the start of the song of war! Weed began to yell violently at the top of Bingryong's head.

The music of the battlefield flows

Follow me now
I'm singing to the brink of death.

Weed had not practiced the lyrics beforehand. Weed turned his eyes to the floor.

There are four warrior helmets.
Time for you to die.
Is that a knight I see over there.
Are you exhausted?
I'll give you twenty seconds to rest
I'll be taking your armor
Those are some very nice thing that you have
I'd like to have them!

You have such luxurious items.
I, Weed, will fight you.

While looking at the floor, he came out with improvised about looting items live on the screen. There were quite a few users in the mid-300s that he could sweep up. Last night he had spent a lot time to give life to two sculptures. The King Hydra and the Black Snake. The effects were not worth it to Morata but he gave life to them since it was an emergency. As a result Weed's art stats dropped and he gave life to a level 429 and a level 441 super monsters. Even with Weed's charisma and leadership, it was very tough to control these new creatures.

Chapter 7: Defending Morata

The complaints from the King Hydra and the Black Imugi were piling up and they seemed ready to explode. The sculptures were not even tired. However ever since they were given life they had only been told to wait even after the battle had started.

'Must wait until I can eat.'

'To become a true dragon I must eat these guys. But I can not move because of the command of the owner.'

The King Hydra species characteristics were brutality and voracity. When the Northern Alliance drew near, the King Hydra's eyes would enlarge.

'I want to eat. I want to eat.'

'Want to eat them.'

'We have seven heads to eat with.'

'It smells so, so delicious.'

Thick saliva dripped from each of the King Hydra's heads. The acidic saliva from the statue mixed into the nearby lake, killing the fish. The Northern Alliance still had not noticed the presence of the King Hydra because of the ongoing battle. However, once Weed showed up, the King Hydra reached the limits of its patience.

“Kaaaaaaaa!”

The King Hydra splashed acorss the lake and ate up the users of the Northern Alliance. With its heads, it swallowed up 9 users into its big mouths.

“It's a snack. Snack are delicious. A delicacy.”

The sound of the crunching of users! The Black Imugi prepared to attack elegantly by summoning a Fireball. The large fire magic was poised in the air, ready to attack. The King Hydra and the Black Imugi were not the same as the ones during the fight against the Embinyu Cult. They were similar, but their levels were far lower and much more vulnerable than before. They magic was weaker, their vitality was not infinity, and they were weaker. They were lacking in all aspects, but the users of the Northern Alliance could not make such a calm judgement.

“Come on!”

The Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom was causing the users to

panic. The King Hydra was randomly eating users with its heads and the Black Imugi summoned and dropped Fireballs. Instead of fighting, the users tried to escape from the King Hydra that ate dozens of people. The Black Imugi dropped its fireballs causing the genocide of more than 100 people. The flames spread widely around the debris. The wizards tried to cast protective magic and the archers tried to plan a diversion. However, more people thought about trying to run away to save their lives. The users of the Northern Alliance had not had any experience in performing a siege. Although, even if they had experience, it would not help them in such a situation. Furthermore this was not a normal fight about power that one could predict. With the fear and anxiety, the once powerful Northern Alliance was rapidly dismantling. Some of the guilds began to launch magic attacks at Weed.

“Fire Burst!”
“Frost Circle!”
“Thunder Storm!”
The spells were cast and attacked the ground. Powerful knights charged towards Weed. Archers fired their arrows. Their goal was Weed! They wanted to hunt Weed, the God of War.

'Either way, the winner of the battle does not matter.'
'It only matter that I can become famous after killing Weed.'

The users that were over level 300, the core power of the Northern Alliance, launched their attack on Weed. There was a significant amount of users that were conserving their mana in order to aim it at Weed.

“Kaaaaaa.”

The Phoenix flew forwards Weed, dedicated to protect the owner's life. There were magical and physical attacks from over 37 people were met with the Phoenix's wings.

— Burst Fire has been absorbed.
— Ice Circle has decreased health by 4269.
— Phoenix's body has failed to absorb Thunder Storm. 3210 health is gone.

Ice and water magic ate away at the Phoenix's health but the fire magic restore it. Arrows also stuck into its body. The Phoenix managed to stay strong in the face of the magic and physical attacks.

“Kieeee!”

Phoenix was suffering horrible pain. Even with his huge level and high health, the consecutive powerful strikes caused a heavy amount of damage. The continuous attacks could have possibly been fatal. He lost health until he was at 24 %. Weed immediately started blaming him.

“This ignorant bastard!”

“Kieeg?”

“Nevermind, all birds are the same. Even if they have a head they don't know how to use it!”

If he had been hurt then he would have started to nag at the Wyverns and Bingryong.

That was prevented because of Phoenix.

'That was good.'

'He is able to take care of the owner better than myself.'

'That's our junior.'

The sculptures of life wanted to live a good and selfish life!

Weed did not want the last Phoenix to die. It was also the same for the other sculptures of life. Even if he won the war, if he lost a sculpture of life then it would be a big loss. To give life to another masterpiece or a bunch of classic pieces would cost him at much as 10 levels. He had told this to the Wyvern and Bingryong several times already.

“Do not die.”

Weed's voice sank and sounded slightly moist and sweet. Bingryong began to have frozen tears forming at the corners of his eyes.

“You have yet to break even.”

“…”

“You need to work for the next 20 years to cover the losses I made on you, at the very least, right? Do not make any risky actions or you'll be wasting my money like this.”

Even if you want to die, then you cannot die until you have made a lot of money.

“Let's prepare the magic attack again. Weed is still in the sky.”

“Let's all attack at once.”

You can not afford to give your enemies an opportunity on the battlefield. There was a dense number of users in the Northern Alliance so Weed could not miss an opportunity now.

“Phoenix, Bingryong. Start now. Do not lose against the youngests.”

The Black Imugi and the King Hydra that Weed had made were already going around and attacking. The newly created sculptures were powerful but there were a considerable amount of level 300 users that were dangerous. He did not know about the Kallamore Knights and the Geomchis, but the King Hydra and the Black Imugi would be surprisingly easy to kill.

“Kiyaaaaa.”

Phoenix began flying to the center at full speed. Everywhere he passed by a rain of flames fell down. With the Phoenix's power of fire! As the rain of fire fell, the knights and soldiers began to rapidly burn as the fire attached itself to them. Fire damage was limited to an individual but now it was on an incredibly large range. The ground was covered in flames. The flames could be removed with water related magics from wizards or from priests. But the flame rained down on such a wide range all over the area. This meant an enormous amount of damage accumulation.

“Take care when fighting, Wyverns. Do not be too greedy!”

“Alright Master.”

The Wyverns were much weaker in the early level 300 so a group of 10 wizards could easily defeat them if they were single targeted. They needed to avoid being defeated by magic and falling to their deaths. Luckily wizards were very difficult classes to level up. In the Northern Alliance, there were maybe only about 500 wizards and most of them have already exhausted their magic.

“Geumini, go help the Wyverns.”

“Alright Master.”

“I'll lend you the wings for you to hunt with.”

To let Geumini fight with the Wyverns, he lend him the wings. He did not want the precious gold ingots that Geumini was made of to fall to the ground and disappear without a word.

“Bingryong, be sure to fight well. Help the Wyverns out.”

“Leave the Wyverns to me.”

Weed jumped off of Bingryong. The people that were watching his every move cried out. They wanted to kill the God of War!

“Weed fell.”

“There he is!”

There were paladins, warriors, mages, thieves, assassins, and swordsmen. Weed checked the number of melee classes that were being engulfed by the flames and were running away. Weed fell into the Northern Alliance and hit the ground, smashing into a dwarf.

“This guy is!”

The dwarf yelled!

With Weed's weight, there was an enormous amount of damage done to the dwarf's health as well as inflicting confusion status. The users that were around Weed were greatly surprised.

“Sculpting blade!”

Weed took the life of the Dwarf with his sword easily. He quickly looted him as he turned grey. Loot! The feeling as something instantly enters into your possession!

‘Got it!’

He did not have time to check his message window. It was the feeling of robbing a place and not having the time to check in the jewelry was authentic or not. Enemies were everywhere.

“High Priest Blessing!”

He blessed himself with the Freya's Ring of the High Priest. He had prepared himself earlier with sword grind and armor polishing skills. There was a 20 minute time limit on the blessing.

“Heraim Fencing.”

He continuously moved forwards without stopping with the sword skill! He had gotten the ancient sword skill at the fourth floor of the Hero Tower. The continuous increase in attacks raised strength and agility. Weed ran like crazy.

'Chest armor look a little cheap. Sword's cheap. The maximum level of that equipment is 210.'

He passed by those immediately.

'He's wearing a good helmet. The other stuff looks about the same. Around level 250. There a lot of armor so he must have high health but the durability is a bit worn out. There's a high probability

of dropping.'

Weed used his sword to strike him.
Puuk!
The sword pierced into the seams of the armor.

— Two continuous attacks have been successful.
40 % increase in Power.

His blacksmith skills he had learned were useful. Armor did not have defense equally in all locations. There were seams and thin sections that did not have much durability and were be penetrated more easily. Weed, as a hobby, was able to instantly tell the overall level of users through the equipment that they were wearing. The Dark Gamer's Union Board of item information as well as the auction sites were now working here! The user turned grey as Weed gave the finishing blow to stop him from recovering. He began to single out users. Archers! He overwhelmed the bow users. There was a Blue Magic Bow among the archers!

— Three continuous attacks have been successful.
Agility has increased by an additional 40 %.

It was possible for Weed to use Heraim Fencing up to eight hits. With each successful attack, power and agility was raised greatly. Royal Road was a reflection of reality. Increasing the strength stat would slightly increase endurance. Raising the agility stat would improve accuracy and response time.

Weight and speed made a difference when it came to running 100 meters. However raising 100 power stats did not unconditionally raise the 100 damage. There were many variable when it came to maximum attack damage. Of course these would show if a sword was not wielded properly. The weapon could slip and the damage would not fully be used against the opponent. More was needed than just strength and agility. There was no point if the body only had high agility. There was also no point if the body was too big and heavy that it was difficult to fight. Bingryong had huge damage output but required a lot of strength to just hold up his body. This was a disadvantage. On the other hand, the dwarves did not have much body weight so they did not keep up well in battle. They made up for the lack of power by using weapons like axes and hammers. Weed killed three more people with four more attacks. All that was left was a Knight! But the knight was using a good sword. That sword was an amazing weapon with strong penetrating power. It was a very expensive weapon for a knight to use! It was a good weapon to use

against enemies.

“That's mine!”

Weed used the Heraim Fencing to attack. He struck the knight like lightning. The mighty sword fell down in a line. However, at that moment Weed was mistaken. A sword came from behind as the knight began to swing towards him.

“So it seems that knights are not so fragile!”

The valuable items!

He repeated the Heraim Fencing again, this time more powerful. The last of the eight attacks was 3 to 4 times more powerful than the first. Sometimes it would exceed the durability limit of the armor and weapons and break often. Weed jumped with his full power forwards. Heraim Fencing improved not only power but also agility. Thanks to his high agility, he could twist his sword and change his attack into any direction.

“Yes!”

Then he saw another knight. In the middle of his attack, he confirmed a weak point and changed the direction of his blade in a very short time period and stuck it into the knight. It was a big challenge for Weed to change the direction of his attack based on the situation because of his high attack speed and power. However, he naturally grasped the weight of the sword and spun his body into the air. The Heraim Fencing was still in effect. He spun to make his attack stronger to finish off the Knight's life and defenses!

Kwaaaang!

The sword swung accurately into the knight's side. The Knight didn't even have time to scream before he turned grey and died.

Syasyasyag.

Weed used his left hand to sweep up the items. Even if it was only one copper he would use his fast and accurate hand movements.

“Ueueu….”

“It's really Weed!”

The nearby users did not dare to move. The knight that had just died was one of the stronger users. The rest did not have time to react. None of the melee classes were holding up to Weed! The knights on horseback and other users began to step up. Even though they had good sense, there was no sense of unity and they had pathetic organization. Weed decided on another target.

'I have seen that ring before. It has a property that increases maximum mana.'

He had the talent to identify the item's characteristics! It was a very good item. He could not miss out on getting such an expensive item from the enemy.

“Call Death Knight Van Hawk!”

Death Knight was summoned. He summoned Van Hawk because he was going to start fighting a large number of enemies and knights.

“I'll take this one Master.”

“Heraim Fencing!”

He did not hesitate and did not stop his attack. Weed kept moving forwards the enemy. He had fell into the middle of the Northern Alliance and there were enemies everywhere.

“Weed is mine!”

“Take my sword. Lightning Sword!”

The enemies did not waste time and used their skills without hesitation. Weed took the offensive against the enemies that were between level 200 to 300. He killed the ones that were exhausted or heavily injured. After using up Heraim Fencing he managed to kill five people. However that was not enough.

“Sculptural Destruction! Convert into Force!”

— Sculptural Destruction has been used.

The grief from destroying a fine piece! The grief!

Five art stats have disappeared permanently. Fame has decreased by 100.

Art stats have been converted into Power.

His bodily muscles were boiling with strength! It was too big of a waste to use a masterpiece so he only used a fine piece. Even this much was a waste.

“Return me 15 times my amount!”

Weed cried out, screaming at his enemies. His increased strength with his accuracy further increased his lethality. Thieves and assassin neglected to use their ranged attack skills and they had pitiful defense. So the assassin and thieves, as well as other classes were easy to attak. Weed jumped and killed 25 enemies. Then a strong looking knight came running over with ten other people Weed could not overlook this!

‘That’s at least level 340.’

They were the core of the Northern Alliance's power. He could usually use Heraim Fencing to kill users in one or two blows and now a strong knight was approaching him. He tirelessly moved his sword towards his enemies.

— Four continuous attacks have been successful.
Power has increased by an additional 40 %.

Kkwagwagwang!

The sword gave off deafening bursts as he struck the knight's shoulder armor. The knight was surprised by the power of the strike. Even with high vitality, the user was forced into a state of panic. Because of the high level armor and shield he had high enough defenses to not die in a single hit.

— Five continuous attacks have been successful.
Enemy is now confused.
Reduces enemy fighting spirit.
Agility has increased by an additional 40 %

— Six continuous attacks have been successful.
Power has increased by 50 %.
15 % of the damage is dealt in a shockwave.
Seven continuous attacks have been successful.
Agility has increased by an additional 30%
Power has increased by an additional 20 %.
1500 mana has been spent.

A Knight was killed!
After he killed a knight, he killed three more knights.
The last knight took a total of eight hits to defeat.
“Its a strong skill. Don't block! Avoid!”

The Knights began to scatter. However, even though the knights quickly escaped, they were still within the range of his attack. Weed caused the weak players to run! His sword caused high amounts of damage but it ran out quickly because of its mana consumption. However, he could conserve mana and raise his skill proficiencies higher. Due to his sculptural destruction, he could deal high damage to the enemy's health and cut through their defenses. Weed was still surrounded by knights and other professions so he was in an unfavorable situation.

“Isn't this a little extreme!”

Weed did not lose his concentration as he looked around at his enemies. In the meantime, he was gathering the items that were dropped by the ones that had died!

“Ueueu…”

“I can't believe this. His level is too high.”

The users were tired! After the magic attack and the arrows, more

than 100 users would swarm at them each. Weed had jumped in after the arrows and spells were shot and used Heraim Fencing at the knights. The surviving wizards gathered to use their mana to cast a spell to attack Weed. He could not avoid a magic attack that attacked everywhere indiscriminately. He had lent the wings of light to Geumini so he could not escape into the sky. He had also sent Geumini to fight in a place that wouldn't attract attention but now Weed was exposed to be attacked.

“I wish my class had a few more combat skills to use….Moonlight sculpting!”

Weed's eyes were watering. He had learned this skill after getting advanced sculpting. The light sculpting! It required a consumption of mana but it covered the entire body in light and could act as a defense.

Cheuchyuchyuchyu!

Everywhere Weed fired off multi-colored light. Each of them were an absolutely beautiful hue. Various magical attacks and arrows bounced off and changed direction. However, his skill level was still low so it could only do so much.

‘Am I going to die like this?’

Weed felt fearful. It was not certain that he would live if he was hit with magic of this magnitude. He still had the option of reviving by the Refuse Death skill. In that moment he cold show the true power of the undead in a place like this. However, if he died than he would drop equipment and skill levels. The Moonlight Sculpting was not high, but his sculpting and production skills were really hard to raise! Weed had learned a large number of skills and the skill drop in each of them would be evident. He instinctually prepared for an unavoidable death. He wrapped as much of his body in Moonlight as possible. After he revived as an undead, he would have no need for mana.

“Cold Eyes!”

Weed increased his defenses by using the Cold Eyes skill.

“I will protect you, Master.”

Death Knight Van Hawk blocked the front with a shield. The magic enveloped the area.

Chapter 8: War Negotiations

Explosions ripped the land apart and ice pillars formed and collapsed repeatedly! After the smoke and dust cleared, the Northern Alliance could see the results of their actions. In the area that was thoroughly devastated by magic, there stood Weed and the Death Knight. Only that one area was fine. Thanks to the Moonlight Sculpting, the trajectory of most of the magic was changed slightly. Thankfully none of the magic had been aimed at Weed directly when they exploded. Due to the different properties of the various magics, the result was quite destructive. The arrows shot by the archers had lost most of their attack power because of the aftereffects of the magical attacks. Even so, in the center of the explosions, it was a miracle that Weed and the Death Knight managed to survive. It was thanks to their vitality, endurance, defensive skills, armor, and the protection from the Moonlight Sculpting! With the Death Knight, they managed to prevent dying by dividing the damage from the explosion. However, the durability of the Ancient Shield fell by a staggering 25 points. It was not an exaggeration one of the best, unique shields but it could not be repaired. The durability of his Tallock armor had dropped severely and was now in rags, but thankfully he was lucky that it was not fully destroyed yet.

“My Ancient Shield…”

His precious Ancient Shield that he only wore sparingly! The durability had dropped by 25 and now only 261 was remaining. He felt unbearable anger that its price would fall. Weed was really angry.

“I would have rather died!”

He would earn back his skill experience but he could not get the durability that the Ancient Shield had lost back. Weed had 33 % health left and 46 % of his mana. Even if he wanted to cry, he could not stop now since he needed to break even. He had managed to survive the magic explosions.

'As for the items….'

Weed had been ambushed by the Northern Alliance. Naturally he did not forget to take the items from those that had died.

“Heraim Fencing!”

At the moment, he began to fight those that were left. Weed was the hero of the battlefield. Everyone was watching him as they were intent on killing him. The Death Knight began to act and strike down

enemies. The wizards and archers began to attack but it was not as threatening as the first strike.

“Let's fight against those that wish to harm Morata with Weednim.”

“Kallamore Knights, let's go!”

The Kallamore Knights were still fighting against the Northern Alliance. All of the high level users that went to fight Weed had died in the magical attack. Many of the leaders of the Northern Alliance had already died.

“Kill them!”

“We beginners will fight back against the oppressors.”

Geomchi and the beginners began to break apart the enemy. The King Hydra, Black Imugi, Phoenix, Bingryong, and Wyverns were earning him a lot. Weed started to focus his attention towards making the Northern Alliance crumble from within just as he had hoped and intended for. A single death does not lead to a significant lead to victory. Since he killed and looted a lot of the enemy leaders, the army was disorganized.

“Beat them!”

“Kill them all!”

The balance was destroyed and could not revert back to normal. The Northern Alliance was stuck in a situation like that of a wildfire. They could no longer trust their allies after having been attacked by their own magic.

“I give up. Help me!”

“It is own defeat.”

“I apologize for declaring war on Morata.”

The Northern Alliance users began to drop their weapons to show their intent to surrender. There was speculation that once Weed had begun to sing that there were already people surrendering. Once the soldiers of the Northern Alliance put down their weapons, the siege came to an abrupt, expected end. The beginners lifted their rusty swords and their wooden shields and began to cheer.

“Uwa, we won!”

“Morata wins. Hurrah!”

Weed shook his head.

“You started this war so you can not be the one that gets to

decide when it ends!”

He used to mana to give off a Yell. This was not the end of the war. He had spent a lot of money to recruit soldiers and other expenses that would mean an economic loss. Of course, a defeat in war was the side that had substantial damages and could ransom prisoners of war, but that was not enough for Weed. He had not earned enough money from equipment. There were still the Kallamore Knights, the beginners, the Geomchis, Pale and the rest of the party against 30 thousand weak and tired users. There was money and experience scattered all over the floor! To say that you wanted to end the war was nonsense. It was like donating all of your money to charity after having won the lottery!

“Uwaaaa!”

“We won!”

“The Northern Alliance declared defeat!”

To the beginners that were giving off their victory yells, they thought that Weed was just being proude to show his pleasure in the situation. Weed yelled back.

“These enemies dare to invade and destroy Morata! Do not leave a single person alive, kill them all!”

The beginners had to be stirred up.

Without them there was no telling how much damage the Sculptures of Life and the Kallamore Knights as well as Morata's soldiers would take. With the number of beginners they could exhaust the members of the Northern Alliance. The Geomchis would ninja in during the confusion and cut down enemies while the Kallamore Knights charged in unexpectedly. The shouting that the beginners gave off worked to lower the spirits of the users from the Northern Alliance. Weed the God of War had given off his infamous war cry and wanted to wipe out the Northern Alliance. The users of the Northern Alliance raised their hands.

“Praise to Weed!”

“He is indeed the Count of Morata. We admit clear defeat and will not attack Morata again.”

“It is an honor to lose to Weed the God of War. We had learned from this. Thank you!”

Because it was so interesting, stations were broadcasting the war in Morata.

“The Northern Alliance seems to have entered Morata's territory.

Haseungtae-ssi, what do you think will be the outcome of this war?"

"It can't even be called a war. The Northern Alliance has mobilized over 120 thousand units. The victory will definitely go to the Northern Alliance. The majority of the Northern Guilds had formed this coalition and it was successful."

CHN Media decided that the Northern Alliance would win.

"The scale of the Northern Alliance is amazing and they have generously spent on military efforts to take over Morata."

"There are a lot of siege weapons. Viewers are going to see the city of Morata covered in flames today."

"Will Weed's invincibility as the God of War end?"

"Unfortunately that is so."

CTS Media came outright and said that Morata would lose. Weed would suffer bitter defeat and the Northern Alliance would win so that their viewership would increase. KMC Media took a different stance.

"The Northern Alliance, despite having a massive force, does not mean much to Weed."

"Oh Juwan-ssi, what do you mean? Are you saying something like the Northern Alliance is not enough to Weed?"

"That's right. It is because he is that much of a threat that the other guilds target him."

"What do you think will happen in the war?"

"It looks like the Northern Alliance's victory may seem obvious, but that is unknown until the war finally starts."

"So you're saying that Weed can win this war."

"At this point it is difficult to say, but from the quests so far performed by Weed the God of War, there is no saying that he would definitely lose."

Oh Juwan was watching the fight carefully. Morata was not expected to win, so KMC Media as Weed's contractor would get reduced viewership. Still the Director was a dedicated fan of Weed and maintained his stance despite what others said. Then the stations showed the Kallamore Knights appear. There was not a single person there that did not understand the might of the Kallamore Knights!

"Do you think Weed brought them? Weed does travel a lot but I did not know that he had gone to the Kallamore Kingdom!"

"Kolderim is leading the knights. Kolderim is the Knight that directly leads the knights of the Kallamore Kingdom!"

"Is there some connection between Weed and Kolderim?"

The host of the station urgently raised his voice. Other than

Maylon, the others did not know that it was Weed that had liberated Kolderim's soul and were surprised. The Kallamore Knights were battle knights that could take any role in combat and had the power to stop any force. They would ruthlessly wield their maces and swing their swords like lightning while maintaining maneuverability so they were like undying demons. The Kallamore Knights were very dashing, so much that there was significant increase of aspiring knights. The Kallamore Knights assault made a huge impact on the Northern Alliance users. The fear could be seen in their eyes.

They had seen the Kallamore Knights' destructive power on the television but now they were subject to it themselves. With the sounding of a horn, the Kallamore Knights charge in rapidly. Many chose to flee from fear. Then the Knights began to dodge the wizard magic that led to allied damages, and then Morata released their large number of beginners. A level 300 high level users could simply kill 100 beginners. However, as the slaughtering continued they would get more physical exhaustion. Even if they killed a few beginners, they were still surrounded on all sides. The Kallamore Knights would finish them off quickly or a high level Geomchi would briefly appear. The Northern Alliance users had already abandoned the idea that they were in the advantage. Mixed among the beginners were Morata's mid and high level users. In the battlefield, the experience and melee combat skills of the individual were important. Weed then appeared with the King Hydra, the Black Imugi, Phoenix, Bingryong, and the Wyverns! It was true that the famouse Weed the God of War would sing before a fight. They had all noticed it in the battles with the Orc Karichwi.

'The real war begins now.'

'This is Weed's war.'

The song was about looting the items that the high level users of the Northern Alliance were wearing! That was exactly what he was singing about. The battle then progressed and magic began to strike Weed! It was an intimidating sight to see him survive that magic explosion. The Northern Alliance lost their motivation to fight and began to surrender to avoid further sacrifices. However the Northern Alliance was a coalition of builds rather than a guild under a single person so they did not have military efficiency. Due to the fact that it was a coalition of many builds, once one guild surrenders then the whole alliance collapses.

“…”

“So what happened to the war.”

“Morata won.”

The hosts were at a loss for words. It was difficult for them to explain what had happened once the beginners had begun to pour out. There were enough posts on the Internet community to cause the massive lag. Once you posted our own comment, you had to check 20 pages to see it.

— So the God of War did not lose today.

— I didn't think the Kallamore Knights would show up.

— He had the power to bring them.

— The Northern Alliance could not be called the main powers on the continent. It could not compare to the central and south eastern forces. However, after seeing the events of the war I am now unsure.

— How is Morata growing so rapidly? Last time I saw it was only on the level of a small village.

— Don't forget to keep watching the broadcasts.

— They don't see the broadcasts too often. Morata changes on a weekly basis.

— I started as a user in Morata. It's a place where art, culture, adventure, religion, and commerce co-exist in harmony. The church of Freya can't be ignored. The North isn't lacking in anything. But they just keep growing.

— Weed is more than qualified to be Lord there. The Northern Users were just bad at developing their towns. He had built many huge sculptures and now isn't there the Art's Center Building? If that's completed, I would be glad to stay there.

— I just finished eating my sandwich. Also Weed! He did not disappoint at all. It was a shame that he didn't get to fight much but he fought well didn't he?

— I am leaving with my friends to the North. There's no point in trying to take over Morata anymore.

— Wait a minute, I'm coming too.

The moment the war ended, a window popped up for Weed to see.

— The enemy has surrendered

— Loyalty of citizens in Morata has increased by 3.

For showing off the city's power, military influence in the area has increased by 15.

Theft will disappear and bandit invasion will be reduced.

Security has increased by 13 %.

Consumption will temporarily rise in Morata. People

will not spare money to celebrate this victory. Morata's victory celebrations begin voluntarily.

— The Sculpting Guild will now produce souvenirs of this victory. 5000 gold has been consumed.

The Bards Guild will now hold a music making competition in memory of this war. The prize will be 4500 gold.

— Morata's fame in the Continent of Versailles has increased by 75.

Current reputation: 469

The higher the reputation of the region, the more famous the ruler is.

Victory or defeat in war, as well as produce, trade, quests, expeditions are factors that work towards local repuation. With high reputation, users can get high quality quests and fame in Morata. The trading pose will purchase goods at better prices.

— Increase in the fame of Morata's specialties.

— Reputation of Morata's textiles and leather industries increase, Freya's blessing and agriculture will increase local specialties.

— Morata will become famous for wine if there are more wineries.

— Morata has formed a speciality for superior cattle.

— 89 Teuriban villagers migrate to Morata.

— 85 Noroma villagers migrate to Morata.

— 3600 northern residents have switched faith to the Church of Freya.

— Skilled craftsmen migrate!

The craftsmen will come to the Northern town of Morata and teach children their trade.

The children of Morata have great potential for the future.

— The Ekoban's town residents will now protest for 20 weeks.

They blame their incompetent ruler for not being like Morata.

If this condition persists, then Morata will become the lord of these towns.

Due to the defeat in the war, each of the towns were facing large scale resistance. It depended on the culture of each town and those that were defeated had to pay a huge penalty. Tears fell from those that were held in captivity.

> — The warehouse manager hold the prisoner keys.
> Their families will want to come to Morata to see them within two weeks.

Each of the lords had the responsibility of maintaining the morale in their forces. However, the Northern Lords did not see that and suffered huge damages.

“Half of the town has already deserted.”

“Kerala doesn't have any culture. All the farmers have left the harvest in the ditches and ran away.”

“Well, that much is evident.”

“Bankchester guild is barely holding their own.”

“Your town?”

“Us? There's nothing to buy. Who knew that culture and are are things that were actually important?”

There was not much unrest in the continent since there were cultural centers. Each town and city fulfilled the basic need of cultural level so that they could maintain hostilities with neighboring kingdoms. Morata had exceptionally great culture. Lords did not understand the meaning of culture and people satisfaction or a sense of art. So the Northern Lords reduced art as much as possible. They did not think they would lose so much from the war.

“Do you think that this is because we failed to raise culture?”

“This is where the real frightening part begins…”

The war negotiations were not over yet. Weed had gathered the lords and the guild masters into a building to discuss war negotiations. Basically it was reparations for the war. The number of prisoners from the Northern Alliance was perplexing. They had taken over 70 thousand prisoner. Of those there were 14 thousand users. The war reparations was bound to put them at a significant disadvantage.

The Styrene Guild took the first move.

“Morata lord, Morata is a well respected place. I have admired Weed-nim since the Continent is magic.”

The beginners and POWs could witness the negotiations that were going on. With the amplification of sound magic the conversation could be heard from all over Morata. The stats were also covering the conversation live. They tried to smoothed over things politically. Weed saw that some of the players were on the Hall of Fame and were

trying to make themselves sound professional. The Northern Alliance was at a huge disadvantage. However the Styrene Guild continued at Weed.

'This much is just?'

There was a need to understand the personality and taste of the other party. So they tried to praise him as much as they could! They wanted to start the negotiations off with elegant lines of praise.

“The monsters of the Northern part of Morata are scatter out, this must be because Lord Weed is dependable. However, have you seen the extent of damage on the other villages?”

“…”

The Styrene Guild mention the loss of their culture and art.

“Even though we invested a lot of money, our villagers keep migrating to Morata which is a big loss for us.”

The Lords of the Northern Alliance nodded in unison since they were all sympathetic to the words being said. They did not have the kind of money for this and wanted to escape this suffering.

“The damage is done now and we will agree to no longer invade Morata. The defeat is ours and we would like our inhabitants back. So the point is, could you please consider this agreement and we will not attack Morata again.”

After the Styrene Guild finished, they finally noticed. Weed was the notorious God of War known as the worst of the worst. In the Continent of Magic, he would kill anyone that made noise in the dungeon and even those that ran away. Weed had no sympathy or compassion. He was burned into history as the unscrupulous user that kills and takes all! Weed had his arms crossed with narrow eyes. That much could show his attitude that he was not at all pleased.

'I didn't get all the items…I have lost more than I got. I can not sleep well tonight.'

Weed's face was contorted like a demon.

'Have to move on from the bitter memories and live the rest of life. I have to go on day by day. It's like an only man that's suffering from painful memories as he separates the trash.'

Mapan went on Weed's behalf.

“That is your position as the Northern Alliance, but from Morata's perspective there is no reason to look at a single side of the war.”

“But we don't have any money to pay.”

“No, but that does not mean that the war reparations are done now does it?”

“…”

“Are you saying that you want to leave the war negotiations?”

Mapan gave them a suggestion. After a war negotiation are given up, the surrendered prisoners are given a trial. Of course the one that makes the judgement is Weed and the people that he appointed. Users that kills Morata's soldiers are usually thrown in jail and imprisoned. The penalty that had to be paid was by no mean trivial. If there was resistance, then that meant death.

Even if the users was safely negotiated, the soldier would resent their Lords. Their side had to accept the painful reality of defeat in war.

“Weed was one of the contributors to the Dragon Hunt and created this warm climate. What about his adventure to reclaim Morata? Weed had to go to a number of achievements in his adventures to find out a number of towns want to invade once the Church of Freya's protection ends because they had gone blind with greed.”

Mapan coolly began to criticize the lords of the Northern Alliance. Traders always took pleasure in taking advantage of the powerless. For war reparations, usually 70 % was divided amongst the soldiers. The remaining 30 % went to the Lord for developing the city. Mapan wanted to benefit as much as possible from the situation. Mapan emphatically demanded.

“One users is 900 gold and its 200 gold per soldier as reparations.”

“This is ridiculous.”

“I expected a large amount but this is too much!”

This situation was also within his calculations. It was a reasonable amount for the cost of their lives. The problem with the war negotiations was that lords did not have that kind of money! In the center of the continent, those in power always had thousands of gold but the lords of the North were generally poor. They had used most of their fortune moving from the central continent to the North to form towns.

“We don't have that kind of money.”

“Even if you cut it in half, we still can't pay it.”

Even for the central continent, 120 thousand troops of the

Northern Alliance was not common. The fact that they had been defeated as well has having such a large number of captives was a disgrace to the lords. If they could not afford to pay the ransom then it could lead to another war.

“A single user at 900 gold is the amount though. Until now, all the previous wars on the Continent of Versailles had done this so it is a reasonable amount.”

Mapan raised an eyebrow at the opposition. Even if there was no money to pay, they could not move on without making negotiations. Weed had his arms folded and was silent.

'Even at around 70 %, they would have to depend on credit and pay in installments each month, and then the amount would lessen each month. I would not gain much. Then the overdue interest would increase drastically…'

Weed decided to clean up the situation while Mapan was with the troubled lords.

“There is no need for compensation.”

“What?”

Mapan was astonished. To think that Weed would out and say something like this. He could not believe that these words would come out of Weed's mouth. The Lords of the Northern Alliance did not understand about the war reparations and just looked onwards. They did not believe what he had just said.

'They would be forced to get a loan.'

The lords of the northern towns could not earn much income. The investments cost them a lot and there was nothing that they could earn from. There was no guarantee that Morata would ever see the money since it was such an excessive amount. If there was another war then Morata would not have the Kallamore Knights available. In the future there may be another lord that my decide to invade the North again. Weed, to the Northern Alliance Lords, would look like a malicious debt collector.

“There will be no compensation, the prisoners will be set free.”

“Really?”

The Styrene Guild could not believe it. From Weed's position this could only be charity and there was no sense for it.

“Also a promise. Morata will not invade the other towns.”

From Weed's position he did not need to occupy the towns to get benefits. Morata was not a small territory. Territory was not something that was fixed.

There was a lot of ground between each state. Thus as culture grows, the boundary of the city expands.

“I suggest a trade agreement.”
“What?”
“As you know, Morata has improved a lot as a beginner town.”

The Lords of the Northern Alliance nodded. They had experienced it first had so they knew better than anyone else.

“In the future there will be a need for weapons and armors for the beginners as well as a large amount of resources.”

The Lords of the Northern Alliance began to get uncomfortable. Morata was a place that beginners could grow easily at. They had watched Morata grow increasingly powerful.

“And?”
“The beginners will need the necessary resources. Morata has many things such as mines and fields. There are items that are obtained from hunting that would be useful for beginners that you could sell.”
Commercial development, taxes and permits were the right of the Lords. To open up the Northern Lords would create a huge market for beginners. The Styrene Guild had a broad expression on their faces during this difficult negotiations.

“This is a very good proposal for us. Why are you give us so much?”
“The Central Continent is far way. The merchants would have to take too long to get there and the prices would be too high.

The merchants need all the help they can get. Our biggest problems is the northern beginners not being able to use weapons at reasonable prices because of the central continent's prices. That sort of thing is wrong.”
The lords considered by making eye contact with each other and nodding.

“We are also sympathetic.”
“We as well.”

Morata made a lot more trade than the rest of the northern towns combined.

“I heard that you have trouble developing culture.”
“…”

The Lords well into despair. They had found it increasingly difficult to develop culture as more people kept leaving.
“Morata will send cultural advisors to live in each of the villages. They will work to increase the culture and the towns and reduce the number of villagers that leave.”

Culture had the effect of significantly reducing the complaints of the people. Morata had a lot of bards and dancers. They could be seen around the day performing. They would earn money from going from town the town.
One of the lords asked.

“However that would decrease Morata's culture. That does not make any sense to me.”

Weed glared at him for a moment. The look in his eyes made him shrink away to show that they were not equals. There was a change in the atmosphere which was sufficient to reverse the situation. There were people that loved to talk and then forget what they had said. He had to threaten them this way. This, in a sense, was more favorable.

“I am angry that there are a lot of sculptors in Morata. There are a lot of skilled sculptors in Morata particularly. They create a lot of sculptures and paintings.”

Weed was aiming to export the works of art. There was the Light Tower and the Statue of Freya but the growing number of artworks in the city needed to slow down. He did not want it to be a city of artists like Rhodium. Weed sank into a low voice.
“There are a lot of novice users in Morata. They need to go out so that they can grow their skills.”
“…”
“Morata feels like it is very large. However, there are more quests and hunting that can be done by visiting other towns more often.

There is room to develop Morata and the other towns."

Weed broke off into another topic.

"First, as the lord you need to invest and treat the village with love so that many beginners will start in you town. Establish a general store and a square so business can flourish. You will be able to see beginners fill their water bottle at the fountain. There will be nothing against the beginners from this war."

This was the talk that took place with Weed. The Northern Lords rose from their chairs. Cheers could be heard from all over the walls.

"Waaa!"

"God of War Weed is the best!"

"Weed hurrah!"

The beginners and the users of the Northern Alliance cheered! Weed also showed generosity to the invaders coming to Morata. Mapan as well as Pale's party was showing complete shock. Like how they saw Weed differently in artistry after the Light Tower.

"No what is…that's not like Weed at all."

"He can't be a philanthropist, right?"

"Has he fallen seriously ill? Maybe he fell off of a sculpture while he was making it?"

A man could not change so much so they were concerned with Weed's mental health. It was very difficult to understand what Weed was doing. Everyone that was there and watching the broadcast was showing a different attitude. Only Zephyr seemed to know what was going on as he nodded.

'With this negotiation he's going to reap huge profits.'

The value of beginners! The Northern Lord was concerned with their futures! However Weed had calculated the damages into his head and that there would be endless benefits in the future. The northern towns would sell their foods and obtain many benefits but Morata would be the one gaining the tax revenues. They had trade with the central continent but now they could actively trade with the northern merchants. It would also get rid of the northern town's reasons for war. With culture they will reduce the number of people leaving. Digging a mine to gather resources will develop the city's technology and create more quality goods for the town. This peace

agreement will accelerate the northern towns' development. It would so get rid of the tension and anxiety of beginners in Morata as well as make more people start in the North. The Northern specialties would grown and develop as merchant trade increases. In the long run, Morata as the center of commerce would be the one to benefit. There would be better items for beginners which would rapidly increases the amount of taxes being paid.

“After the war he can get rid of the excess art!”

For the time being, the economy of each village depended on Morata. He could grow their culture by selling off the art to each town. Nevertheless, the sale of the products gave big benefits despite the conditions to the northern lords. Trade with Morata did not give them any losses and there was no longer a need to war against Morata. So with these facts given to each town, a second war of Morata would not happen. Zephyr's thought more highly of Weed now. He had conquered the Northern Alliance. It was complex reasonable judgement and there was no need to make a hateful enemy.

“The strategy and the planning, as well as the policies. It's so scary that no one had noticed!”

While pretending to do this, he was actually waiting to exploit and harvest the benefits. Weed determination and concentration towards money was one of a kind.

“Fresh grass porridge.”

The festival celebrating Morata's victory! The delighted beginners were excited. It was entertaining for Weed to watch them spend.

> — The viewership has exploded. To think that viewership would rise this much from live footage of the war!

They were happy with Maylon's progress. KMC media as well as 12 other broadcast station had broadcasted Morata's war. They had footage of two perspective of Weed's war and earned a percentage from advertising with a small fee for broadcasting rights. They were rolling in money.

“The world is a truly beautiful place.”

As thanks for those that participated in the war, Weed gave out unlimited rice porridge. The lord opened up the storages and the residents and users could enjoy themselves.

— Special Ahreupen Grain Warehouse opened with free grass porridge to drink.

— Morata festival uses 50 thousand gold.

The lord was considered generous. There was money being spent everywhere. There was wild boar on barbacue, deer being baked and barrels filled with liquor.

“Drink it all!”

It was a new recipe made from a mixture of fruits and other items. It was a bit bitter from the bark and it had nutritional value from lettuce and raspberries. Weed had constantly used herbalism and cooking in the intermediate levels to research alcohol. He had finally made a new drink that was a liquor full of mysteries.

'Alcohol is money.'

Alcohol had a long shelf life and it was easy to store so it wasn't uncommon that it was a best selling product. Professional brewing was a career that was held in regard on the Continent of Versailles. Food recipes, as well as drinks were traded at high prices. It had a good taste and nutritional value so it would be a recipe that was worth a lot. Weed had created a drink with high nutitrional value with low cost materials!

“This drink is amazing!”

“Is it that good?”

The beginners could taste the amazing taste of alcohol. It was not expensive compared to a bar and it was good for the price.

“Cheers!”

“We give our thanks to Morata!”

“Cheers to the 49th beginner division!”

The beginners were smiling brightly to show their joy. The festival was going on everywhere and events of all sorts. Others were getting ready to hunt since they had gained a significant amount of experience from the war. In order to get stronger the beginners needed to hunt outside of the city. Weed thought of it as a good thing.

“As you get stronger you make me more taxes.”

The more taxes he got, the better. More users in the Morata created more positive effects in their own ways. Geomchis were off in

the square consuming alcohol. The rest of the users that had survived the war were thoroughly enjoying themselves in the festival. Everyone was happy. Weed took out his lord mode and watched over the atmosphere.

"Increase city taxes by 2 % for two days!"

Ttiring!

— For two days, a temporary tax is applied.
Items have been changed to a rate from 5 to 7 % in the stores.

It was the festival season. There was a lot of stuff to buy and eat so there was a lot of consumption. He raised the tax moderately to cover the cost of his investments.

"I can earn a lot with this atmosphere."

The reason was the Grass Porridge Cult buying things.
In the real world, nothing was free!

Chapter 9: Sculptural History

The Central Continent's Lords did not like Weed.

“Just because he was a little famous in the Continent of Magic they say that we shouldn't carelessly fight him in Royal Road.”

“Weed is the God of War? A little territory like his would be turned into ashes if it was in the Central Continent.”

“Just because he finished a couple of quests that people thought were impossible.”

Each of the Lords of the Central Continent had the same mindset from their long bloody history. They were the prominent users back in the early days of Royal Road and they had emerged victorious from several user based wars with various achievements. Each of the lords had an elite squad of at least 80 thousand units. Each of the territories that they owned were highly active with users.

“Morata is nothing.”

Resentment and jealousy for Weed!

The war enthusiasts were quite annoyed with the reputation that the user Weed had gained from his quests. They also felt nervous over the number of beginners that were in Morata.

“Sculptures that are alive and can move…so is creating a sculpture similar to summoning a monster? To think that were was such a secret in the sculpting skill.”

“With the level of growth that Morata is receiving, it might not be too far fetched that the northern lands will extend all the way down to the central continent!”

The Lords were in a rage. However, Bard Ray of the Hermes Guild simply waited for the result of the war. He deliberately did not watch the television. He went hunting as usual while waiting for news of Weed's demise. The Information Officer that was watching the Northern war reported the news. Even upon hearing the bad news that Morata won, there was no change in Bard Ray's expression.

“So it was Weed's victory.”

“Yes, Morata was not damaged much either. The Northern Alliance was incompetent in many ways and they were far from united.”

“But Morata's power was greater?”

Bard Ray did not understand what was going on. A few days ago, the stations had analyzed the reports on the power on both sides of the war. From what had been heard, the Northern Alliance should have had enough to completely overwhelm Morata.

“I'm guessing it is because of Weed's outstanding performance.”

“Yes. That could be true. There are no words to describe his capabilities.”

“…”

“Most of Morata participated in the war and with the show of power and tactics as well as the appearance of the Kallamore Knights will let them attract more people. The internet message boards are overflowing.”

Bard Ray had a calm expression. To the Hermes Guild, there were only minor guilds in the North. Their total numbers could not begin to shake the top powers in the Kingdom of Haven. There was no change in his expression. But deep down it was not.

“Weed led the war and forced the Northern Alliance to surrender…!”

That was more than enough to ruin Bard Ray's mood.

“Selling Rotten Dagger. It cuts well and its best for hunting monsters.”

“Selling Crooked Blade. It's a really good strong sword for beginners. I'll sell it for cheap.”

“Selling Leather Armor. The chest area is a bit torn apart but other than that everything is fine.”

Transactions between beginners were only in the numbers of coppers up to a maximum of 5 gold! Wyvern Square, Bingryong Square, Light Square and the Rover Square were all crowded with travelers. The four squares that he had created were now booming when it was once empty. However Morata had increased the number of beginners on a large scale because of the war. After the Royal Road's broadcast, it had opened its doors to a large number of beginners.

“Three pieces of barley bread for sale.”

“Are they selling that to make a living?”

“I need to hang in there until I can buy a weapon.”

“Huaaa, even though I can access a well, water doesn't help fill my stomach.”

“Thank you.”

Despite the cold air of spring Morata was very lively. Novice traders went around transporting one or two specialty products. Tens of thousands of beginners were hanging around as Pavo was building the Morata Center of Art. During this vacation, Weed had work to be done.

“I finished restoring sculptures, so I have to raise my level by hunting. I need to concentrate or else I won't have any peace of mind when winter comes by.”

The trip he had went on had shortened his summer break.
“Stat window!”

Name: Weed Title: Eternal Sculptor
Level: 368
Job: Legendary Moonlight Sculptor!
Title: Dragon Slaying Commander
Fame: 29,726
HP: 31360
Mana: 14405
Strength: 1315
Agility: 1005
Stamina: 159
Wisdom: 189
Intelligence: 184
Endurance: 695
Art: 1621
Charisma: 260
Leadership: 672
Luck: 215
Faith: 135 + 435
Charm: 210 +30
Fighting Spirit: 419
Mentality: 25
Honor: 95
Attack: 5329
Defense: 1761
Resistances:
Fire: 27 % Water: 31 % Earth 35 % Dark 50%
+All stats are increased by 20 points.
+Art is increased by an additional 80 points.
+30 % increase in stats in the moonlit night.
+Able to learn all production skills up to the level of master. Able to learn all the subskills of each production class. High level skills can be learned.
+Sculptures with high artistic value will increase fame.
+A total of 113 stats have been raised from sculptures, skills, combat, and quests prior to having the title. Over 100 stat points have been increased from sculptures and production skills since getting the title.
+Bracelet that is currently equipped increases all stats by 15.

Weed had gotten his level back to 368 despite having given life to

sculptures. Each time he leveled up he had put all of his stat points into strength and agility, while the rest of the points had been raised by quests, equipment and sculptures. His stat window showed vivid traces of the hard work he had put in. Looking at the website forums of Royal Road, his stats were something to boast about. There was no one with a stat window such as his.

"Not just Geumini, Bingryong, and the King Hydra but I'm even lower level than the Wyverns."

Because of the quests, his level had been at quite the disadvantage. That was because of the nature of the quests, in order to cling to success he could not focus on hunting. His level was too low to be strong. Instead of raising his skill proficiency, he had been raising troops for the siege battle.

"The users that are on the television are usually level 420 and above…I can't stop and wait so I need to first restore the seal."

Weed entered a small room in the Lord's Castle.

"Any sculpture will do as long as its not a great piece."

In order to level up Sculpture Repair he needed to repeatedly break sculptures. He had to go through the hard work of creating beautiful, gorgeous, and precious statues to break them and then restore them again.

"What is truly hard work, it seems that I do not yet know the meaning of hard work."

He agonized as he began to select the sculptures that he was going to break!

"This one will have to do it."

Weed chose the sculpture of the seven money demons. It had the work demon written on the forehead as it shamelessly extended its palm out to ask for money. It even had a smile on its face. A demon that was holding onto a bag of money! The fine piece had such precise meaning and was good enough to be praised. Weed looked at the completed sculpture.

"There!"

Kwagkwag! Wajangchang! Peoseog!

He took the sculptures and took a hammer to them.

He ripped out the eyes, broke the joints and then twisted the neck!

“This money demon!”

The bitterness and hatred of having to do this.

— You have damaged the sculpture.
Fame has decreased by 5 points.

Weed then reattached the pieces of the broken sculptures and then completely destroyed the newly made ones.

The way to create the sculptures remained in his memory. He was able to restore the money demons quite quickly.

“This horrible money demon!”

Repeatedly breaking and repairing!

A lot of time passed.

— Sculpture Repair Skill is intermediate level.
Durability and gloss of the sculpture will now be better.
Sculptural Memory has increased by 20.

It was a piece that greatly surpassed what a beginner sculptor could make. In order to get Intermediate Sculpture Repair he used the money demon.

“It needs a good sculpture to raise it aside from my passion and hatred!”

After the money demon was a statue of the Thirsty Hippo. It was a hippopotamus that was as large as Rover that was eating pieces of copper off of the floor. The hippose was so greedy that it was eating money with a wicked expression, a great piece with meaning! Aside from the matters of money, its artistic value was over 1400.

“Die!”

Weed hung the hippo upside down as he started a fire to burn the iron. Historically human had done all manners of atrocities against money and hippos. Rover who had come from the cow pasture and returned to sleep at the owner's side witnessed the scene. Geumini, Wyverns, Bingryong were outside the Lord's Castle as they watched Weed's behavior from outside the window.

“I will need to listen to the master's words more.”

“We are very fortunate that we are not a hippo.”

The Sculptures of Life swore loyalty to their master! Weed began to use the hippo for Sculpture Repair and managed to reach intermediate level 7. He had been working for over four days. Since he did not need to do miscellaneous things such as going to school, he was able to invest all his time into Royal Road.

“Now to restore the Ahreupen Imperial Seal.”

Weed carefully pulled out the seal. He had wrapped the precious sculpture in a high quality cloth to avoid damage.

“I need to repair this sculpture…”

Aside from other skills, the sculpture repair skill required the user to use their hands.

“The memories of the Emperor Geihar Von Arpen are in this Sculpture so it'll be hard to fix.”

The appearance of the sculpture seemed to be made of gold and jade. He was prepared to restore the ancient treasure.

“Sculpture Repair!”

He used his skills to mold the gold. He was trying to make it back to its original shape.

Paaaas!

He removed the parts that had crumbled with old age and repaired the worn out or missing parts. After years of abuse, there were no signs of cracks or completely broken pieces.

“Time to fix the bottom.”

The seal symbolized the ruler of the continent but it was also a very important sculpture. Weed was careful to meticulously repair the pieces of the Ahreupen sculpture. Sculpture Repair depended on skill level but with an antique like the Ahreupen Imperial Seal it could brake at any minute so a lot was at stake. Thankfully he could repair the severe damage that had been down to the seal and the original appearance could be seen. He had managed to reproduce the full majesty of the golden dragon! He was even able to fix the embroidering.

— You have used the Sculpture Repair Skill.

The Sculpture Repair skill has greatly improved skill proficiency.

For restoring a lost art sculpture, Art has increased by 3

points.

It had an old antique look but it did not have the same feeling that large sculptures had.

“Was it successful?”

Weed was hiding the seal since it was difficult for him to look it. It was like eating rice without the crucial part known as kimchi.

“Identify!”

> Unidentified Emperor's Seal: Durability 24/30
>
> The Continent of Versaille's history of the Ahreupen Kingdom.
>
> It is difficult to imagine the ability of the sculptor that made it.
>
> A trusty sculptor had tried to restore it but it could not be fully restored because of the limitations of the number of years that have passed.
>
> Artistic Value: 43100
>
> Options: +95 Dignity
>
> +55 Charisma
>
> Maximum Loyalty and Morale of soldiers increased by 20 %.
>
> Reduces the harmful effects of all magic to the owner's body by 55 %.
>
> Intimidates nobles and knights.

“It’s still not completely restored.”

The seal had been greatly fixed but it did not have the same feeling that the sculpture was supposed to originally have. He needed to fully restore the long and severe damage to the Emperor's Geihar von Arpen's sculpture.

“The gold dragon is supposed to be the symbol of imperial authority and government. The imperial seal that the Emperor made should emit light.”

Weed began to resume his work, more slowly and cautious now.

“I need to reimagine the golden dragon as it would whole. It needs to have the same form as before to show the cold might of the Ahreupen Empire.”

Sculptures were very sensitive to materials. Rocks have the basic natural beauty of being rough while marble and bronze were smooth materials. The object could be the decisive difference in a work of art. Gold was a very hard yet weak material. The finished product was

very expensive to make. So you needed to make compromises. The sculpture was made of precious and special metal materials that were difficult to find but made it remarkably beautiful.

“There must be a reason that Emperor Geihar made this the symbol of the Empire.”

Sculpting was a three dimensional art form and it was also influenced by the presence of light. Lighting could be used to change the impression and the construction of sculptures to make it more spectacular and magnificent. Rock sculptures were commonly left in places where people could see them. When dealing with light, it could give an entirely different feeling to the sculpture. A good engraver knows the importance of light and dark and learns light sculpting. The gold dragon was supposed to the one that rules over the light.

“Light sculpture. The Emperor rooted that authority into the sculpture!”

He had based it to be a golden dragon because of his own works. Weed began to use light sculpting to repair the seal. The unique light sculpture began to regain its form. He moved his hand more slowly. Every time his hand touch it, the history and glory of the empire would revive and the light would shine off of the sculpture. The brilliant Ahreupen Imperial glory and the resurrection of the golden dragon. Weed restored the sculpture to the best of his ability.

Ttiring!

— You have restored the Emperor's Seal.
The Seal of the Ahreupen Empire!
A symbol of the ruler of the continent of the long past.

— All sculpting skills have increased by 3 % for restoring the royal seal.
— Sculpture Repair Skill is now Intermediate Level 8.
Handicrafting skill proficiency has increased by 9 %.
Art has increased by 37.

Lord of the Continent: Durability 38/60
The seal of the ruler of the Continent of Versailles
A sculpture wrapped in mystery.
The memories of the ancient seem to remain within the seal.
Artistic Value: 49400
Options: +3000 fame.
+105 Dignity

+60 Reputation
+70 Charisma
The Authority of the Emperor is available
Maximum Loyalty and Morale of soldiers increased by 25 %.
Resistance to all harmful magic to the owner's body is increased by 60 %.
Nobles and Knights will be intimidated.
Golden Bird has memories of the past.

The historical treasure has generated a stat.
Dignity stat has been created.

Dignity: The Royal Family, the Nobility, and the Knight class.
A very important and dignified noble of society; residents will be respectful. Resident will have reduced complaints about paying taxes. You can increase this stat when you level up. Increases when the people are ruled wisely or whenever a king's command is fulfilled. Treasures, works of art, and even buildings can increase the stat.

He got a new stat, but until now Weed had only meant to distribute all his points into strength and agility. The dignity stat applied to various weapons and armor but he did not feel the need to raise it.

“I need to worry about how I'm going to eat for the next year instead of how dignified I am.”

Weed then looked at the emperor's memories.
The thriving Ahreupen Empire!
They build a beautiful marble temple and there were many living creatures. Sculptures were man made pieces of art that all could share. He could see military birds fighting against monsters and large beasts scattering seeds onto the ground. In contrast, the human were lazy and inactive.

“No. No. I'm too old to play around like a young person.”
“Bring me some beer over here, drink!”
In the middle of the day, in the Ahreupen Imperial Capital there were many humans that were relaxing. The Emperor Geihar von Arpen saw that his empire had gotten too great! The study of magic and swordsmanship were being neglicted because of an easier

lifestyle. The Sculptures of Life were going exploited and abused so much that it was a joke. Then the Emperor Geihar von Arpen made a difficult decision.

"I call together my sculptures of life!"

The sculptures of life throughout the Ahreupen Empire were awaiting his commands.

"You are not longer obliged to serve the humans. You have no orders and now can seek your own freedom!"

The Sculptures of Life were given their freedom!

With the death of the Emperor Geihar, the Sculptures of Life did not follow anyone's commands. The birds formed their own kingdom. The Joinjok family. The City of the Sky Lavias was a tribe that originated from the Sculptures of Life! Not only that. Uncommon monsters with various appearances such as Trolls and Ogres could be seen living in the deep forest and jungles. The sculptures of life had been many of their ancestors. They left to live in caves and jungles to avoid human life.

"Where did you come from?"

"Emperor Geihar made me when he was 35 years old."

"Do not be rude. I was created when he was 25 years old."

"I am sorry to have been rude, Sunbae nim."

The rigorous system of the juniors and the seniors!

The Sculptures of Life built a world of their own and eventually found balance on the Continent of Versailles. Emperor Geihar made a number of monster sculptures of life that were well known. They did not feel a strong attachment to humans because they could not tolerate them. They began disputes and the destruction of the humans and would usually win the fights. The humans began to blame the monsters that Geihar had made. The Ahreupen Empire greatly declined and there was no longer an unified continent because the sculptures of life had left. Since then history books no longer talked of Emperor Geihar's sculptures of life. Their origins were soon forgotten. However deep in the east there were still some alive, far away from the humans.

Weed watched the video and trembled slightly.

"Sculptures of life were the origin of some monsters…"

It was limited to some monsters but it would be a fact that if it were known then sculpting would be condemned! It would increase the wariness towards sculptors. It would be even graver to the point that the awareness would cause the number of great sculptures to cease. Weed had a rotten smile on his face.

“It's not necessarily something that needs to be known.”

The truth was not always good. Sometimes you want to bury the truth in history. The Emperor Geihar von Arpen had made countless sculptures and some of them were nothing more than monstrosities.

“It's not something to can be seen. Even less to be known.”

Weed laughed like it was milk that was long past its expiration date.

“I’m fine. It’s better for you to eat.”

He had been eating herbs!

It would go unnoticed to others but not the this sculptor. Even if he knew, he decided to keep his mouth shut.

Eummeoeoeoeoeo.

Suddenly Rover cried out and came into the room.

The cow did all he could to remain quiet.

“The herb roots will make you stronger and more energetic.”

Rover stood in gratitude as he rubbed his head.

He was weak to the owner's bribes and rewards. Weed had secretly thought this out so that it would have a profound impact on the Continent of Versailles.

“In the course of the sculpting quest, it's good to know the background information.”

A simple sculpting quest gave skill proficiency and a bit of compensation.

But the one that he had in progress was an adventure with a much higher difficulty for a sculpting quest since it involved the history of sculpting on the Continent of Versailles.

It was possible to discover sculpting skills that no one knew before. Sculptures had contributed a lot to the history of mankind. In primitive times, a hunter would be bestowed a sculpture to encourage courage and faith. Sculptures were three dimensional representations of all things fundamental. Art is not necessarily bound by existence. The extent that it had on the Continent of Versailles was amazing.

Chapter 10: Ghost Ship

“Unless you advanced you skills and learned the Give Life to Sculpture skill, then there would have been no one to have found the memories and legacy that the Emperor Geihar had left behind. Identify!” Weed used his skills to view the memories in the seal once more. He could see the past of the Niflheim Empire. The Emperor Geihar had made the Imperial Ahreupen War Seal which made its way to the Niflheim Empire.

The Knights' Empire.

The knights were known to be honorable and loyal as the human territory continued to expand throughout the barren north.

Then quite a long time passed. The once flourishing Niflheim Empire was invaded by monsters. Weed could see the invading monster army destroying the castle walls of the capital.

The legion of monsters along with dragons began the decimate the human made structures and with it the genocide of its people. So far, it was as it was told in the history books of the Continent of Versailles. The magical attacks were being rained down on the capital. The Imperial Palace was covered in a rain of fire! The Imperial Knights came out of the flaming structure. They failed to defeat the monsters and had no choice but to use the Serbian Ice Witch's Beads as a last resort.

Ttiring!

> Agents of the Niflheim Empire(2)
>
> After the death of the Emperor Geihar, his descendants, servants and the rest of the Ahreupen Empire wept for four days in mourning. The seal was a symbol of the tension over power of the ruler of the continent was being disputed, so it came into the possession of many. The Niflheim Empire tried to retrieve the seal for over 200 years. However they could not avoid war. The invasion of monsters led by the dragons killed and burned the royalty. Many do not know that the sudden invasion of monsters was the true reason for the fall of the empire. However, the Emperor Geihar had granted life to Golden Bird who distinctly remembers the destruction of the Empire. The Golden Bird is chasing after those responsible for revenge.
>
> Difficulty: S

Quest restriction: Second chain quest of a trilogy. Advanced sculpting.

The second stage of an S class quest!

— You can now appreciate the buildings of the Romantic Era of the Niflheim Empire.

As a sculptor that owns the town, you can now build buildings and castles. Buildings can be built. The artistic value of the buildings from the Romantic Era will spread culture among the nobility. You can now promote the birth of knights and expand political influence. You can build special buildings.

Gugugugugu.

The Golden Bird that he was looking for from the Niflheim Empire's Past had appeared. It was a bird that was made out of lustrous gold. You could take your eyes off such a creature stirring with energy. It had eyes made out of light blue sapphire and white platinum hair. There was a small crown on its head encrusted with diamonds. It flew around beautifully with its clear golden body. A sculptor would not be able to help but admire it.

“Gulp.”

Weed swallowed.

If he could hunt down the Golden Bird then he could sell it for money!

'I could take apart the precious materials and sell it to the store…'

He looked with greedy eyes as if unique items were rolling down the street.

“This was Emperor Geihar's favorite. He has good taste in gold and jewelry!”

Weed had to hesitate from simply kidnapping it and running.

“Emperor Geihar's Sculpture of Life.”

It was not a form of loyalty towards the emperor for having been his teacher of sorts. There was a more worrisome part.

“Golden Bird stat window!”

— Sculpture of Life stat window
It is not possible at this time to view more information.

Name: Senolia Luseloni
Type: Nature
Race: Bird
Level: 519
Class: The Tracker of Clear Skies
Title: Intelligent Bird
Fame: 60
A creature made by Emperor Geihar. Made at the same time along with the Imperial Ahreupen Seal. Likes fleshy, ample worms.
+Can talk to birds.
+Very fast
+Can break various weapons such as swords with its teeth.
+Can not be poisoned
+Unknown
+Unknown

It was a small cute bird in comparison to the giant armies of the Embinyu Cult and the King Hydra.

'I shouldn't touch it.'

Weed wet his mouth. He would not be able to tame Golden Bird like the others. As a sculpture of life, they devoted their lives to their parents. They were not accustomed to listening to others. The fact that the Wyverns and Geumini were still following him for so long and had not went to find another owner was proof.

Gugugu.

The Golden Bird flew out of the castle window away from Weed. It knew the identity of the enemy that destroyed the Niflheim Empire. Weed chased behind the Golden Bird. Golden Bird was leisurely riding on the wind's currents. Weed occasionally looked up at its location and raised his speed. He got Bingryong and Phoenix who were flying outside. It was handy when it came to moving over places like mountains and forests. It would be more difficult to tranverse such paths by land and wagon. After a couple of days, the Golden Bird flew northeast and arrived at the coast!

Kwaleuleuleuleung, kwagwagwagwang!

The sky was dark and cloudy and it looked like it was going to rain, making it difficult to seperate the sky from the ocean. The sound of thunder could be heard in the distance as the waves struck.

“Is that it?”

In response to Weed's question, the Golden Bird gave a cry.

Gugugu.

“Then where is it?”

Kkukku.

“It's up to me from here?”

Gugugu.

“So…the culprit behind the destruction of the Niflheim Empire is somewhere beyond here?”

Gugugu...

Weed could guess as much!

He had completed an S rank quest where the first step was to defeat the High Priest of the Embinyu Cult despite not gathering information through conversations. There was a need to have accurate background information to complete a quest. However, Weed had watched a lot of these kinds of experiences with his grandmother. They would kill time together by watching television. He had learned reasoning from watching drama!

“There was a trace of dragons in the fight against the Embinyu Cult in the River of Wailing. They must be related!”

Weed roughly noticed the identity of the Embinyu Cult. They were an evil organization on the Continent of Versailles. There were a number of quests involved with the destructions caused by the cult. Weed had a bad feeling about the Embinyu. The High Priest had not dropped any items because he had sacrificed his own life. He would have dropped something unique for high priests classes such as Saints.

“Miser. Worst ugly. Dirty bastard.”

Weed went on about his idea.

“So the Embinyu Cult intervened and caused the invasion of monsters…but we do not know the identity of the other culprit.”

There had to be someone behind the monsters. They had only been a supporting role in a drama. Villain, victim, intrigue, strife! The Niflheim Kingdom was the victim. The Embinyu Cult had supported the collapse of the empire. A long time passed. He stilled needed to wipe out the bad guys before the Niflheim Empire could reconstruct.

“Perfect. It makes perfect sense!”

Weed was impressed with his reason. He had never believed that the Embinyu Cult was behind all of it. There was no fun in a drama if the villain was alone. For there to be a great drama there had to be

multiple large scale villains!

“Only then does it all fit together.”

He waited on the beach until morning but the storm showed no signs of passing. He had read similar information on the board about the geography of the Continent of Versailles.

> Holy City: Do not enter my colleagues. Character level 376.
>
> Misty Lake Region: I had wanted to go to the lake to hunt the singing elves only to die. Character level 312.
>
> Owl's Nest: Do not go even if you want to commit suicide. I barely escaped. Character level 389.
>
> Poco's Cave: Don't come here. I died in this place. I went the owl's nest with five others and died. We all dropped a level. Character level 388.

In the north there were a number of places that gamers had adventured into at the cost of their lives. They had only explored briefly but they gave what little information they had to the next challengers.

> The northeast coast of the North: Severe rainstorm and lightning bolt strikes. Not accessible by sea. Climate is very bad. However, this smells like a quest. There are a large number of monsters in the ocean. Character level 379.

Based on the board, it looked like the lightning would never stop.

“The sea…”

The waves were high as if they would topple a ship. It would be no easy task for the Wyvern to navigate across the sea. They had no time to relax as hostile monsters would appear.

“We don't have the skills to make a boat.”

Weed was talking about the shipbuilding skill. It was associated with Intermediate Level 5 Blacksmithing which helps weave timber but it was impossible to make a large boat.

“Should I go back to Morata and start shipbuilding skills?”

It was a severe waste to build a Marines Guild in Morata just to learn the skill. Even if he managed to learn the skill, in order to get

past the storm he needed at least intermediate shipbuilding skills.

“That would take at least a year…”

Weed was in pain from the headache. It would be very expensive to keep the Wyvern on the deck. He wanted to save money but he could not buy a fast boat and the central continent was also a problem. He needed to hire officer and a crew. It would all be very difficult to do.

“Master, there is something moving on the sea.”

“The sea?”

Weed squinted his eyes to look at the stormy waters. Like the Wyverns had said, there was something little sailing to the north. It was calmly sailing despite the high waves! It had ragged torn sailes and the mast was split into two. The hull had a giant hole in it. It became more visible with the rain and wind but it was a very old medium sized boat.

“Is it possible to sail in that state?”

Weed was puzzled. He had seen trading ships in broadcasts before. They were always in top condition since they needed to maintain a heavy load. He did not understand how in that condition it could carry itself through the storm. The Wyverns flewy to observe more closely.

“Master, there are undead riding on the deck of that ship.”

“Undead you say…”

An idea flashed into Weed's head. There was a ghost ship moving around in the sea.

“That means I can get a free ride!”

Weed took out a sculpting knife.

Seogeok seogeok.

He was cutting away at a piece of rock.

“A long skinny body with a robe and a red jewel lodged into the forehead.”

He had fought a lot of skeletons. He was actually familiar with the appearance and body structure. However the skeleton he was making had a different feel to it. The Lich Shire that Weed fought in the Yuroki Mountains! It was completely different from the simple and ignorant Karichwi.

“It needs to be smaller and more compact. It is necessary for the lich to be a corrupt and insidious wizard using any means for the goal.”

Weed's complaints poured out.

“I don't know what hell feels like. I lived a good life and its too difficult for me to work on various types of sculptures.”

Each time his sculpting knife moved the lich began to reveal itself. The finger bones were vivid and lifelike and the head was that of a skeleton! The eye sockets were narrow and empty. All of the features, even the eyes, gave off the look of an actual lich. It was very similar to the Lich Shire in appearance. However it had a more cunning feeling to it. The skeleton's head was filled with teeth that were giving a rotten smile!

“No. There's something off. It has to be a lich that has lived for a very long time so there needs to be some cracks.”

He split a crack into the skull. He even added in some holes.

“Now it looks a lot better.”

On the forehead he mounted the ruby that he had gotten from a quest. Now it was a skeleton, the birth of a lich!

Ttiring!

— Please set the name of the sculpture.

“Lich Shire….no. That's not it,”

Weed tried to think of a name.

“It's going to be in the sea so it needs to be a strong name…not like like as Karichwi though.”

The Orc Karichwi had powerful charisma! Weed had named himself very well thinking of that in mind. But this time the name needed intelligence and dignity.

“The name of the sculpture is One Eyed Lich!”

— The sculpture is not one eyed. Do you still want to use that name?

It was not a choice for Weed.

“Yes, it's absolutely necessary to have one eye at the ocean.”

Masterpiece! You have completed the One Eyed Lich Sculpture!

A Lich is a wizard of dark souls!

It is a sculptor's work that is so amazing that it takes away the viewer's breath. It is possible to be confused with Shire since the lich resembles him. It is revolting to have a lich sculpture since it is difficult to have it considered as art. The name does not fit.

Artistic Value: 269

Options: One Eyed Lich will increase health and mana regeneration by 11 % for a day.

Intelligence and Wisdom are increased by 20 points.

Agility has increased by 10.

Power has decreased by 75.

Casting speed has increased by 5 %.

Control over the undead has increased by 3 %.

Does not overlap with other sculpture effects.

So far, the number of completed fine pieces: 86

— Sculpting skills have improved

— Fame has increased by 12.

— Fighting Spirit has increased by 1

— Intelligence has increased by 2.

“It's successful!”

The birth of a fine sculpture! Weed was not done with the sculpture yet. There was still things to do with it.

“Sculptural Shapeshift!”

— Sculptural Shapeshift has been used.

Weed began to grow thinner and his hair fell off. He was bald and in a flash the flesh disappeared from his body in steam. Weed had turned into the One Eyed Lich!

— The body has now changed to that of a lich so a number of equipment have become unusable and are recommended to switch them. You can not wear mithril or divine equipment and it may be necessary to obtain new equipment based on the species type.

— As a result of Sculpture Shapeshift, Intelligence and Wisdom have increased. Strength and agility has decreased dramatically and art has been reduced to a third. Health and mana have significantly increased. Physical limitations have

disappeared. The transformation is not complete since Sculptural Understanding has yet to reach Advanced Level 3. Life Drain and Mana Drain can be used at 20 % efficiency but is unusable in the sunlight. It can be used to recover health and mana. You are now fatally weak to divine power. This form will remain until Sculpture Shapeshift is removed.

It was easy to replace the equipment. He still had the Fallen Saint Staff that he got from the Lich Shire. A black magic item for controlling the undead! With the Saint's staff in the right hand, he held the Necromancer's Tome in the left.

“Kilkilkil!”

Weed laughed with his charred teeth. His put his chin forwards and smiled as an unscrupulous lich! He was wearing a vampire cape and the robe of an Embinyu wizard he had looted. Items from the other churches were holy element but this one strengthened undead affinity because it only had 3 durability left. Weed covered one of his eyes with a black cloth.

“I shall be called Deorol!”

He called himself a looter! With that, Weed had turned himself into a lich.

“It's short and its good. It feels dirty and lethal so it fits a pirate well.”

Eummeoeoeoeoeo

Wah-il came flying back only to see that Rover had been crying. He was crying because of that owner. Wah-il wrapped him in his wings.

“It'll be fine. There is nothing to be worried about that man for.”

Eummeo, eummeoeoeoeo.

“Wait here.”

Weed was going to walk to the beach in the rainstorm. The rain bounced off of his bony skeleton. The robe and cloaks were soaked in the rain but as a lich he did not need to worry about cold or exhaustion. Weed held out the Fallen Saint's Staff.

“Quick Water Walk.”

It was a spell to walk on water. It was a basic spell written in the magical Necromancer Tome. The skeleton advanced by walking onto the waves. With its light body it did not need much mana consumption.

“Stat window.”

Character Name: Weed
Type: Undead
Level: 368
Class: Lich
Health: 113480
Mana: 197964
Strength: 185
Agility: 361
Stamina: Infinite
Wisdom: 1463
Intelligence: 1128
Fighting Spirit: 479
Endurance: Infinite
Patience: 695
Charisma: 419
Leadership: 672
Guilt: 388
Charm: 210
+Life Drain and Mana Drain can be used.
+Has the ability to command the undead.
+Vulnerable to Divine magic.
+Stats have increased by 3 percent for being a fine piece.

Weed had more than enough mana.

“I'm not going to die in the sea.”

The Golden Bird and the Wyverns remained some distance away from the ocean. It was unreasonable for Golden Bird that rode on the wind to go into the rain and thunder to be blown away! Weed walked up to the ghost ship. It looked like the hull was over a hundred years old. The sails were not adjusted and the entire place looked like there was a haunted crew.

We are called the Crescent Crew.
In the morning and evening we drink rum.
When we are drunk we are not homesick.
The captain caused trouble by taking us to a deserted island.

The voice of seamen singing was heard. The voices of the men matched with the sound of the waves. The ghost ship war rocking significantly but it was also moving very quickly. Unlike a regular ship, the ghost ship itself was a living monster. As Weed approached the ship a ladder fell down. They had saw him coming. The One Eyed Lich then noticed a crucial error.

“This is the ghost ship. I welcome the lich wizard.”

The crew of the ghost ship introduced themselves. There was an extreme respect towards liches. However, he did not have the important left arm. All captains are supposed to have a hook instead of an arm. It was a manly pirate romance to have one arm and one eye.

Morata had just completed its newest building. It was the Art Center that was built, a favorite of the beginners! It was built on an area of over 2000 square meters and with a large garden. Morata's sculptures were stored within. There were various colorful paintings and flowers and trees everywhere. There was an image of Weed sitting on a blue ice dragon. There were various paintings on the walls of him. There was room for further improvement but those pictures show the memories and light the way to the future.

“It's finally done.”

Pavo placed a plaque at the front.

Weed Art Center

Two years since he arrived.

He probably died at least a few times...

Morata Province...

His sculptures are all over the Continent of Versailles...

Through hard work he gained tremendous sculpting skill proficiency.

There is still work to improve on.

Statue of Freya and the Light Tower are all representations of his work.

The sculptures by the Wailing River as well...

His sculptures are available to the public and are committed to the continent's peace.

A friend of Weed, an architect built the art center.

This is dedicated to the people.

The plaque was created to celebrate the moment of the completion of the two story building. It caused an increase in Morata's contribution, closeness and reputation. A positive phenomenon occurred in the city.

— Morata's cultural development has increased.

Artistic development speed has increased by 3 %.
Culture further increases expansion.
Local fame has increased by 15, the Center of Art is designated as a monument.

— The art and wisdom of the people of Morata has increased. The probability of more artists and wizards being born is high.

The building was developed to be part of the city.

“Finally…”

Pavo felt a deep rewarding sense of self satisfaction as he closed the doors to the art center. Weed had not named the sculpture but the fact that a legendary sculpture was there was amazing. Soon it would be opened. They sent a messenger to get Mandol and his wife so that they could open up the art center.

“As an architect I have always been thinking that I've lived my life fully and confidently but now…”

Pavo confessed his thoughts to Gaston, his painter friend.

“I have always been trying to think of ways to get extra options or more money for my stuff. This is common for an architect. However to only accept a single copper to create such a work of art? The mind of a sculptor is hard to understand.”

Gaston tried to think of some encouragement but only sat there in silence. He did not know anything other than trying to draw more beautiful paintings.

“Weed is special. He is young but he has the warm heart of a father.”

“Yea. I can't help but think what he is doing now.”

“You are the mean and petty archer Pale?”

“How is it that Irene, the lousy healer is here?”

“It's Romuna, the wizard that eats young children whole!”

After they came back from Todeum, Pale and his colleagues were getting bad reactions from the people.

“Wasn’t the original reward 200 gold? Now it’s only 30 gold.”

“You completed the quest so quickly so you must have cheated right? I will not change my mind on this!”

Even though the people were being vicious, they were undaunted as they tried to build up familiarity again as recover their good faith

with high level quests. Pale and his party went into the weapon shop.

“How are you doing!”

Irene smiled brightly.

“There's a lot more people here now. Business must be good.”

“There are a lot of young people fighting monsters now. It would be nice if there were more children in the north…So what brings you here?”

“We're here to sell off our things.”

There were now five weapon shops in Morata. The monthly income tax revenue had increased by a few percent which is then reinvested into the merchants. The supply of weaponry was large. Mapan greedily bought many weapons from their supplies because of their large surplus. When operating a blacksmith it was important to gather raw materials in large quantity. Pale and his party visited the first weapon store that was in Morata.

“We would not want to bother a benefactor of Morata with a request. However, these days there are a lack of weapons in the stores…”

As they entered the weapon store, Pale and his party stood still and listened.

“If anything it sounds like a quest.”

It was possible that it was a quest to get weapons or hunt and gather materials. In fact many beginners were getting quests that involved getting weapons. They could obtain weapons from hunting goblins as well. If the delivery is made then the user could get a premium on purchases from the store. Even if they had bad fame, they could still get common quests.

“Back in the day, there were some very famous weapon smiths of the Niflheim Empire.”

“What?”

“All of the royal family's armors were made by them.”

From the description it smelled like a high level quest. Irene's eyes were sparkling.

“Manager oppa, could you please tell us the family's name?”

Irene was usually innocent but she was very interested when it came to quests.

“It was the Viteoleu family. With the fall of the empire they were

never heard of again…but what of their descendants? They must still be there and they would be a big help to the weapon shipments."

Ttiring!

Masters of the sword

There were many professional artisans and knights of the Niflheim Empire of the Viteoleu family. I want you to find their descendants and bring them here.

Difficulty: B

Quest limit: Will fail upon the death of the descendants of the Viteoleu.

Pale and party got a Rank B quest. It was a big difference in progress compared to the normal users. Ever since they been helping with Weed in Morata's defense, their familiarity with the people increased. Pale, Maylon, Romuna, and Irene looked at each other.

'Do it?'

'Let's do it.'

'I think it would be fun even if it fails.'

Maylon especially wanted to do the quest. Pale said as the representative.

"Can we go get them?"

"Will you? They were once in the capital but now its a haven of monsters. Ask around the shops. I have my pride but would you do this quest for me?"

You have accepted the quest.

Pale and his party accepted the quest. The quest could also be shared to more people.

"I'm getting a little anxious though…"

"Should we get Weed?"

The capital of the Niflheim Empire was a large hunting ground so they would be sufficient. However they could get more quests since Weed had high fame. Irene thought about it and shook her head.

"Weed is still doing his three stage quest."

It was an S class quest from the church. He needed to take care of that quest first.

"Well, we could always get the Geomchi oppas."

Surka suggested that they get their help. However they were not sure the Geomchis would come. In this case, Hwaryung persuaded them.

“Would you like a quest?”

Since Geomchi and Geomchi2 were in the Yuroki Mountains on dates so Geomchi3 was the representative. Geomchi went on a long journey to Morata to go help the beginners. The lively little beginners needed help. He took them to the training center and taught them as disciples.

“I'm a little busy….”

“This is Jeong you know?”

“The actress?”

Jeong Hyo-Lynn was the heroine of the recent sensational drama on television. Her energetic personality made her perfect as an actress.

“My career is a singer. I'm called Hyo-Lynn there.”

“You appear on television as an actress but still able to go hunting…”

“So are you busy?”

“By all means.”

Her music sales was nothing compared to her appearance and atmosphere. To the Geomchis she was a perfect woman, not as a singer since they don't know about music. However it was because she frequently appeared on shows! The Geomchis decided that she was the one actress that they all wanted to go out with. They awkwardly gathered in Morata to go to the capital. Mapan got a wagon and joined in. Whenever traders traveled they would level up. There was no difference between fighting and trading. Mapan went to Morata and asked them.

“Aren't you going to get Weed?”

He suddenly proposed to which Hwaryung said.

“We're going to the capital to hunt. Let's see what's Weed doing.”

“Okay?”

The party began to wonder what Weed was doing. Weed had gone to the ocean. After a few days on horseback they reached the place.

“Where is Weed?”

Pale had very good eyesight as an archer. He could see visibly in

the distance.

“I can't seem to find him, let's send a whisper?”

It was then. A storm was coming in the distance as it was going to hit the ship. Each time the ship moved there was lightning striking. They shouted out.

“A ship is approaching!”

The wide stretched sails were torn, the deck and the hull had holes in them. The ghost ship passed through the waves. The ghost crew was on deck wandering around. Weed, the one eyed lich, was standing at the bow. Ghost Fleet Captain! Everytime the wind blew, his torn cloak would flap. The golden bird was sitting on the shoulders of the lich grooming its feathers.

Chapter 11: Captain Deoreol

It was not difficult to change from being a guest to the new captain of the ghost ship. All he needed to do was beat the previous captain in a mild sword fight.

— You have become the captain of the ghost ship.
— As the captain of the ghost ship, you can now decide how to navigate the ship.
— Leadership has increased by 7.
— Charisma has increased by 14.

“Where's the original captain?”

Weed's jawbone moved as he asked, so the former captain of the crew answered him.

“80 years ago I threw him off at a deserted island. He probably died of starvation by now. Kilkilkil!”

Soon after he became captain, something happened. A myriad of ghost ship quests!

Find the Treasure
Raid another ship
Cross the largest sea in the quickest time
Hunt the dolphins

Unfortunately Weed would not be able to receive 3 of the quests even if he wanted to. That was because those quests required the ghost ship to engage in battle.

“Ghost Ship window.”

The Ghost Ship Maria
This ship was built in a port by a family of shipbuilding craftsmen. It's a medium sized sailboat, made with the intention of being a merchant ship. However the ship got caught up in some sort of unfortunate accident every year. For seven years, every owner of the ship met some sort of catastrophe and has become a symbol of bad luck ever since. On the ninth year, it fell into the hands of a crew of criminals pirates. That summer the ship got caught in a

storm and sank. The crew died at sea.

Speed 3-5

There are a total of 35 crew members. All of them are undead.

There are 42 cannons. 39 of them are broken.

Cargo space 36/298

Durability of the Hull 350/1390

Sails 0/6

Wind -49

Waves -27

The poor excuse for sails does not allow the ship to sail properly.

Become slower when entangled in seaweed.

There is a large hole in the hull and the wood of the ghost ship is distorted.

The situation could worsen further.

Will encounter misfortune at sea.

Weed had placed the ghost ship entirely under his control. The ghost ship would never surrender to human but it was not hard to become the captain if you were undead. It was unreasonable for someone besides Weed to do this unless they had Sculpture Shapeshift or the Reject Death Skill.

“Do you wish to plunder?”

“Uooooo.”

“Come with me if you want to go rob people!”

“Long live Captain Deoreol!”

“I will call you Deoreol.”

“Deoreol, Deoreol, Deoreol!”

The Ghost Crew was soaked in Weed's charisma. However he did not have the necessary sailing skills to navigate. The Geomchis and Pale's party saw him returning from the ocean. There was a one eyed skeleton with a hook attached to its left arm. Mapan looked closely with his eyes.

“It's Weed!”

It was a trade in which you only tried to earn money and laugh in the face of new challenges. The Pirate Captain Deoreol who leads the ghost ship!

“It looks like Weed has been working hard.”

Pale and Irene thought to themselves.

“So he's…a pirate. It suits him.”
“Sometimes I'm ashamed to think that I'm his friend…”

The Geomchis were envious.

“Capain of a ghost ship…such a great success.”
“Pirate Deoreol. Nicely done.”

Weed went to pick up Pale's party and the Geomchis. This way the quest would be more enjoyable. However, he never did get the chance to say goodbye to Da'in. Weed had hoped that she would have approached him first but she did not seem to want to. They departed into the sea on a clear day. There were seagulls in the sky and dolphins in the ocean. They were kind of envious of the expensive ghost ship and its crew. Zephyr took out his rod.

“Fishing at the sea…I wonder if I could catch a dolphin.”

The placed his fisherman rod along the ship. Weed was planning on increasing his fishing skill while working.

“I'm going to catch some fish and make some chowder.”
“Weed hyungnim, I hope the ghost crew doesn't need to eat.”
“It's useless for them, alcohol only keeps their morale up.”

The Geomchis went to the deck of the ship to either sunbathe or diving into the ocean to swim. They were as fast as the Ghost Ship.

“Geomchi27 are you good at swimming?”
“It's a must!”
“I know a way to make this more thrilling.”
“Really?”

One of the Geomchis gave himself a self inflicted knife wound to the side! They wanted to use the blood to attract sharks so that they could eat.

“Very funny.”

The rest of the Geomchis jumped in as well into the sea. The feeling of swimming in the ocean surrounded by shark fins! There would soon be no sharks left.

“What are all these people?”

Hwaryung friend Bellotte was puzzled. There was a lich pirate with all sorts of large men on a battered ghost ship.

“Girl, milk is good for the body.”

The crew of the ghost ship were considerably rotting since it had been three years. In general, it was tough to be forced into this sort of

adventure on the Continent of Versailles. Hwaryung gave her some encouragement.

“You’ll adapt shortly.”

“Huh?”

“It's surprisingly fun.”

She was going to the deck to enjoy sunbathing. She took off her colorful dress and put on her swim suit.

“I'll come along…I didn't expect that I would get a chance like this.”

Maylon, Surka, Irene, Romuna also laid down. There was no need to be worried about the gaze of men. The Geomchis were too shy to make eye contact and the ghost crew was busy with this jobs. The awkward practitioners went around opening the doors of the rooms.

“Let's see what we can find?”

Exploring the rooms of the ghost ship! Originally humans would not want to wander around on a ghost ship in the middle of the sea. That's why there was a fear of shipwrecked boats and ghost ships would take away a person's breath in fear. There were all sorts of monsters and hidden traps. However Weed and the Geomchis did not feel this was serious at all or were the least bit worried.

In fact it was the monsters that they felt sorry for!

“Liquor!”

“Let's binge and drink rum, this is a paradise!”

The Geomchis had already went to the bottom of the ghost ship and were drinking the rum that they crew had been saving. Since Weed was a high ranking undead, the lich, and with his charisma he dominated the Ghost Crew so they did not have any complains. They would still be loyal to their captain even if he abandoned them on a deserted island! They did as they were told. Weed didn't have to do anything so he was fishing.

“Captain.”

“Yes, sir!”

Weed called forth the fleet captain of the ghost ship.

“Are there boats close to here?”

Ships usually went along a river or the sea, so there weren't many trade ships in the northern waters. There was a significant amount of small fishing boats! In his eyes, the fisherman were probably only around level 20. The most he could get from them was some japtem.

“On the map you can go down here a bit. There are a lot of boats there.”

Weed unfolded it. He was using the map of the sea that was on the ghost ship for quite some time. Each of the city's current

developmental status was identified, such as the port facilities and terrain. It was the largest sea in the northeast. It connected to the seas of the central continent. The Mediterranean Sea bordered the various kingdoms of the European Continent. The area was swarming with merchant ships and pirate ships.

“That's a lot of prey.”

“That's true.”

“Pirates…huhuhu.”

Weed hastily managed the ship. With a smile on his face, he needed to be careful for his jawbone to slip from his cracked skull.

“Back into the sea.”

“Understood sir!”

The haunted Ghost Crew began to change direction at this signal. The Ghost ship entered back into the waves. Weed had anchored onto the island for four days. There were many beasts on the deserted island as well as sea monsters. Using his blacksmith and repair skill, he repaired the cannons while gathering food and water supplies. He took care of the wooden hull and used leather to make sails. WIth his carving skills and made a one eyed, one armed, and one legged pirate to mount at the head of the ship. Aside from the fact that it was dressed like a scarecrow, the shape of the ship had considerably improved.

“Ghost Ship window.”

Ghost Ship Maria

This ship was built in a port by a family of shipbuilding craftsmen. It's a medium sized sailboat, made with the intention of being a merchant ship. However the ship got caught up in some sort of unfortunate accident every year. For seven years, every owner of the ship met some sort of catastrophe and has become a symbol of bad luck ever since. On the ninth year, it fell into the hands of a crew of criminals pirates. That summer the ship got caught in a storm and sank. The crew died at sea.

Speed 11-19

There are a total of 35 crew members. All of them are undead.

There are 42 cannons. 6 of them are broken.

Cargo space 66/298

Durability of the hull 965/1390

Sail 6/6

Wind 16

Waves 6

The hull remains distorted but can now move at full

speed.

Will encounter misfortune at sea.

Players will have 20 increased hostility to all country when offshore.

Pirates will respect you.

While on board, injuries will be slightly reduced.

With the Ghost Ship Maria, he took full advantage of the materials. Even without being a shipbuilder, he was able to fix most of the essential parts of the ship. Surka, Maylon, Irene, and Pale were off to the side having a secret conversation.

“But what's going to happen to our quest?”

“It's strange that we're taking a ghost ship around the sea.”

“I hope we don't accumulate notoriety like we did in Todeum right?”

“Hopefully we won't…”

They were hoping that they didn't make the wrong choice by taking the quest.